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A
COLLECTION
OF THE
Most esteemed PIECES of POETRY,
That have appeared for several YEARS.
WITH
VARIETY OF ORIGINALS,
By the Late MOSES MENDEZ, Esq;
And other Contributors to DODSLEY's COLLECTION.
To which this is intended as a SUPPLEMENT.
THE SECOND EDITION.



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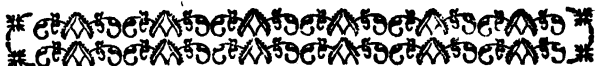
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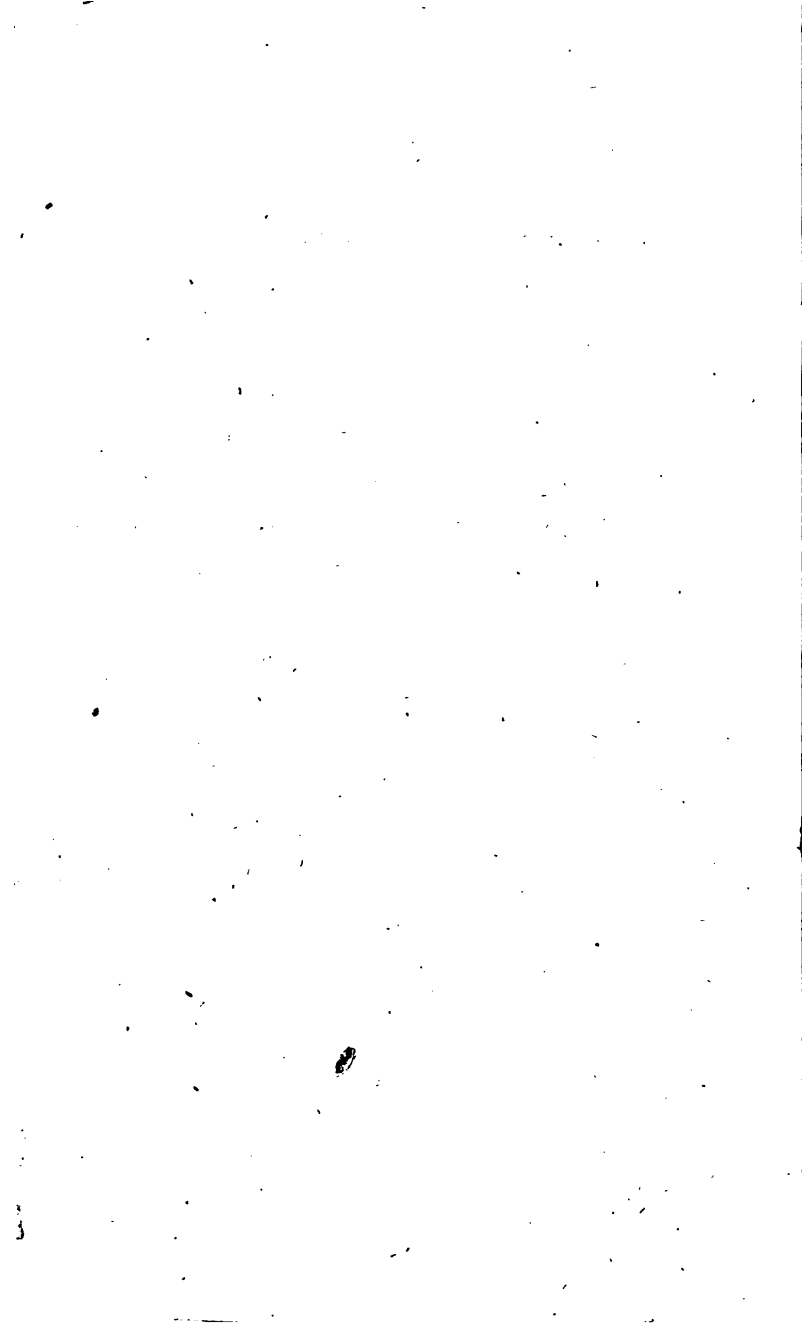
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THE Editor's chief intention in making the following Collection was to bring into one point of view the best pieces which have appeared since the conclusion of Doddsley's Collection; and he will venture to affirm, that whatever be the merit of that entertaining miscellany, this does not fall short any ways of it, as some of the volumes in that are made up from the publications of a few years; whereas this contains whatever has been most applauded in a course of twenty. But he has not confined himself to that period only, but inserted many pieces, in his opinion; of great merit, which the inattention of the public, or the obscurity of the publication, had long suffered to remain unnoticed. To these are added many originals by writers of acknowledged merit; among which those of Mr. Mendez, author of the Chaplet, and several admired poems in Doddsley's Miscellany, make no mean figure. Mr. Mendez was reckoned among the most agreeable poets of his time, and, perhaps, he was the only one that was ever worth one hundred thousand pounds.





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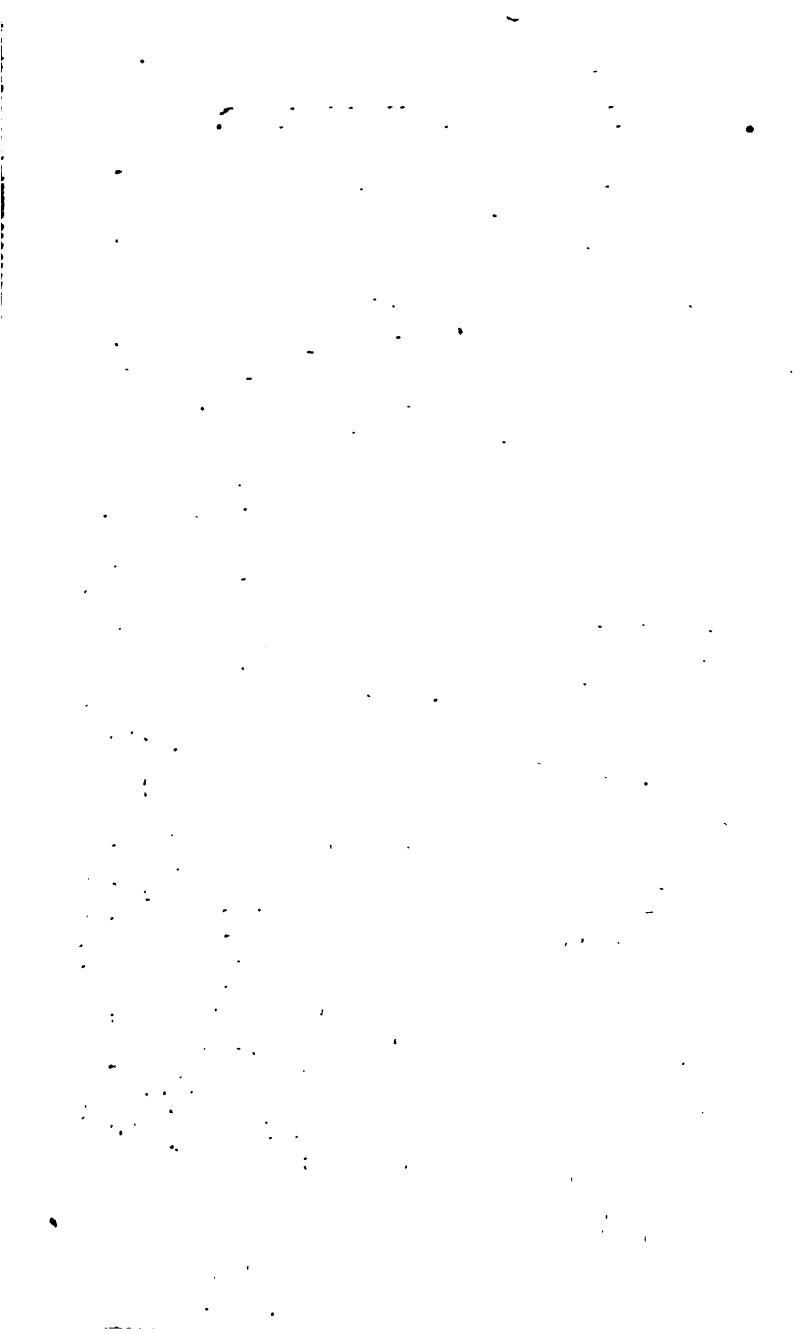
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A N E L E G Y,
ON THE DEATH OF LADY COVENTRY.

WRITTEN IN 1768;

BY WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the
 bell
 Of Death beats flow! heard ye the note
 profound?

It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
 Flings to the hollow gale its fullen found.
 Yes, COVENTRY is dead. Attend the strain,
 Daughters of Albion! Ye that, light as air,
 So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
 With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

A

For

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom :
 (This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
 Fair as the Forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
 Float in light vision round the Poet's head.
 Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?
 Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
 That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is :
 On what she was no more the strain prolong :
 Luxuriant Fancy pause : an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious Song.

MARIA claims it from that sable bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head ;
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the Dead.
 O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud !

Proclaim the theme, by Sage, by Fool rever'd ;
 Hear it, ye Young, ye Vain, ye Great, ye Proud !
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
 While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap :
 Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
 The mental Monitor shall wake and weep.
 For say, than COVENTRY's propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose ;

Or

Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose!
 Early to lose; while, born on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom:
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.
 Think of her Fate! revere the heav'nly hand
 That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:
 To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
 Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
 Say, are ye sure his Mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend;
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should glow:
 No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon æthereal founts of bliss to lave;
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
 The Sting from Death, the Vict'ry from the Grave.

Is this the bigot's rant ? Away, ye Vain,
 Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness steep :
 Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,
 Who form the Phalanx, bid the battle bleed ;
 Nor wish for more : who conquer, but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear ; and triumph in the tale :
 Like you, they reason ; not, like you, enjoy
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail ;
 On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gayly steer
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore :
 They dare the storm, and, through th'inclement year,
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.
 Is it for Glory ? that just Fate denies.
 Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 E'er from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
 That lift the Hero from the fighting croud.
 Is it his grasp of Empire to extend ?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes ?

Ambition,

N O T E.

In a book of *French* verses, entitled *Oeuvres du Philosophe de
 sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at *Berlin* by authority, under the
 title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to marshal
 KEITH, written professedly against the immortality of the Soul.
 By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines :

De

Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:

'Tis but a Kingdom thou canst win or lose.
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
 (If life be all) why desolation hour,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?
 Go, wiser ye, that flutter Life away,
 Crown with the mantling Juice the goblet high;
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die.
 Yet know, vain Scepticks, know, th'Almighty mind,
 Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,
 Bad his free Soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
 To Heav'n, to Immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the Pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,
 By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd;
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

De l'avenir, cher KBITH, jugeons par le passé;
 Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,
 De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
 Par le corruption seront aneanties,
 Par un meme destin il ne pensera plus;
 Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu, &c.

It is to this epistle, that the rest of the Elegy alludes.



I S I S. An E L E G Y.

BY THE SAME, 1748.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
 The pointed chrystals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
 Pale ISIS lay ; a willow's lowly shade
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid ;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest ;
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace ;
 Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science seen,
 Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mein :
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland,
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
 At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke ;

Yes,

Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.
 Yes, ISIS! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead;
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
 While ev'ry Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
 Prest to the goal, and at the goal, untir'd,
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'en now ~~soad~~ Fancy leads th' ideal train,
 And ranks ~~her~~ troops on mem'ry's ample plain;
 See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hamden, Somers shine.
 See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
 Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
 Each breast, strong panting with its country's love,
 All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
 That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear; on me they grateful smile;
 The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.
 Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,
 There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty;

" My son, he cry'd, observe this mien with awe,
 " In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw ;
 " The piercing notes shall strike each British ear ;
 " Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear !
 " And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
 " Each youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign,
 " Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 " And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause."

The hero spoke ; the bard assenting bow'd,
 The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd ;
 While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah ! how stillness slept upon the ground,
 How mute attention check'd each rising sound ;
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth ; ev'n now I view
 Majestic wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
 View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all judgment's radiance break ;
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
 Here stript vain falsehood of her gaudy vest ;
 Here truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind ;
 Ere long to shew to reason's purged eye,
 That " Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
 Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
 Effus ! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide ;

Tho'

Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
 Tho' ev'ry academic green imprest
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas ! how chang'd ! where now that Attic boast ?
 See ! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast ;
 See ! Hydra-faction spread its impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain :
 Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
 Blast the fair face of day ; and madly bold,
 To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold ;
 To freedom's foes, ah ! see the goblet crown'd,
 Hear plausible shouts to freedom's foes resound ;
 The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,
 The echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt ;
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
 Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,
 Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care ?
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land ;

And

And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
 That " Isis taught rebellion to her sons ?"
 Forbid it, heaven ! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and overwhelm the recreant slaves ;
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
 Is this deny'd ? then point some secret way
 Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may stray ;
 Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads
 Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
 There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side ;
 Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung,
 Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue ;
 Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
 And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.



ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perfian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
 Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains :
 Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus

See Pearson's Collection 2 Vol. 6.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd ;
 Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
 When wanton gales along the valleys play,
 Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away ;
 By Tigris' wandring waves he sat, and sung
 This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
 Well may they please, the morals of my song :
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :
 For you these flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair !
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display ;
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;

Or

Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away,
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
 The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Loft to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet modesty appear :
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
 Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;

And

And love the last : by these your hearts approve ;
These are the virtues that must lead to love.
Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.



ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past ;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !

With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,

The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !

Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst assuage,

When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?

Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;

Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !

Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,

Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,

In vain ye hope the green delights to know,

Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow ;

Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,

And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade

Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !

The lilly peace outshines the silver store,

And life is dearer than the golden ore :

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,

To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea :

And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?

Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,

Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?

Why

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The mountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts; if they lead to gold?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!”

O hap-

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone!
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
 " Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 " Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
 " Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
 " Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."

O! let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
 O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.



ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view along the level green,
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,

B

What

What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain :
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead ;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :
Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away ;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among :
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd,

“ Be ever youth like royal Abbas mov'd.

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bid that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy, ~~maid~~ ! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love !

Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she fought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung:
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or fought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !”

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel,
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone ;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days ! the maids around her say ;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !

“ Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd,

“ And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov'd !”



E C L O G U E IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER ; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind ;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains ;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky ;
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :
 Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 'Till faint and weak Secander thus began :

SECANDER.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way !
 And first review that long-extended plain !
 And yon wide groves, already past, with pain !
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd !
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !

Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind ;
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !
No more the virgin shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale :
Fair scenes ! but, ah ; no more with peace possess,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd !
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eye's blue languish, and their golden hair !
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death enur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 Th' affrighted shepherds thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.



AN ODE TO FEAR.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shewn;
 Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between:
 Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
 I see, I see thee near.

B 4

I know

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
 For, lo what monsters in thy train appear !
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who near allied,
 O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside ;
 While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
 On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait :
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee ?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full Muse address her infant tongue ;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice
 Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.
 Yet he, the Bard * who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

* Æschylus.

But

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dew to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and Furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen *
 Sigh'd, the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,
 Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
 Or in some hollow'd seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told:
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,

* Jocasta.

When

When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or floods, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possess
 The sacred seat of Shakespear's breast!
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke!
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee?



THE PASSIONS,

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair——
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bad the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And

And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing-trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of fight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of different themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd feat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !

When Chearfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung;
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung.
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying-fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music!

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sisters page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

EVERY

EVERY MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS
OWN FORTUNE:

OR, THE

ART OF RISING IN THE CHURCH.

A S A T Y R E.

By MR. SCOTT, of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

A DIALOGUE betwixt a POET and his FRIEND.

F. **G**OOD friend, forbear—the world will say 'tis spite,
Or disappointment goads you thus to write—
Some lord hath frown'd; some bishop past dispute
At furlly distance spurn'd your eager suit,
Preferr'd a dull vile clod of noble earth,
And left neglected genius, wit, and worth.

P. Regards it me what snarling critics say?
'Tis honest indignation points the way.
Thanks to my stars my infant sleeps are o'er,
And dreams delusive catch my thoughts no more.

Let

Let clumsy DOGMATUS, with simp'ring face,
 Supply the nurse's, or the footman's place,
 Make coffee, when my lady calls, or whey,
 And fetch, and carry, like a two-legg'd tray;
 Let blust'ring GNATHO swear with patriot rage,
 To poor, old, tott'ring TIMON bent with age,
 " Had you, my lord, the horse at MINDEN led,
 " 'Sdeath, what destruction would your grace have made?
 " Like Wantley's dragon you had roar'd, and thunder'd,
 " And eat'n up Frenchmen hundred after hundred ;"
 Thus mean and vile let others live, not I,
 Who scorn to flatter, and who fear to lye.
 What honest man——

F. Stop, or you ne'er can thrive——
 Sure you're the strangest, squeamish wretch alive!
 What, in the name of wonder, friend, have you,
 In life's low vale, with honesty to do?
 'Tis a dead weight, that will retard you still,
 Oft as you strive to clamber up the hill.
 Strip, and be wise—strip off all bashful pride,
 Throw cumbrous honour, virtue, truth aside,
 Trust up, and girt like VIRRO, mend your pace,
 The first, the nimblest scoundrel in the race.
 Go copy TREBIUS——

P. Copy TREBIUS?——Hum——
 And forfeit peace for all my life to come.
 Should I devote my sister's virgin charms
 To the vile lewdness of a patron's arms,

Too sure my father's injur'd ghost would rise,
Rage on his brow, and horror in his eyes;
Would haunt, would goad me in the social hall,
Or break my rest—tho' slumb'ring in a stall.
Oh gracious God, of what thin flimsy gear
Is some men's conscience!—

F. Hold, you're too severe——
Think when temptations ev'ry sense assail,
How strong they prove, and human flesh how frail!
When Satan came, by righteous heav'n ordain'd,
To tempt the leader of the Christian band,
He drew, he caught him from the barren waste,
And on the temple's tow'ring summit plac'd;
And now-a-days, or sage experience lies,
From church preferments great temptations rise.
Spare TREBIUS then—e'en you yourself may yield——

P. Not, friend, 'till vanquish'd reason quits the field;
Then I, poor madman, 'midst the mad and vain,
May Judas-like betray my God for gain;
At HELLUO's board, where smokes th' eternal treat,
And all the fat on earth bow down, and eat,
A genuine son of LEVI may adore
The golden calf, as AARON did before.
Then welcome the full levee; where resort
Crouds of all ranks to pay their morning court;
The well-rob'd dean with face so sleek, and fair,
And tatter'd CODRUS pale and wan with care,

C

Whose

Whose yearly-breeding wife, in mean attire,
 To feed her hungry brats must spin for hire.
 Hail medley dome, where like the ark we find
 Clean, and unclean, of ev'ry sort and kind!
 Hail medley dome, where three whole hours together,
 (Shiv'ring in cold, and faint in fultry weather)
 We brook, athirst and hungry, all delay,
 And wear in expectation life away!
 But hush! in comes my lord—important, big,
 Squints thro' his glass, and bustling shakes his wig,
 Whose faucy curls, confin'd in triple tye,
 With constant work his busy hands supply.
 He stops, bows, stares—and whispers out aloud,
 “What spark is yon, that jostles thro' the croud?”
 Sir William's heir—“enough—my dear, good friend,
 “Sir William liv'd—I think—at Ponder's end;
 “Yes—yes—Sir William liv'd” —Then on he goes,
 And whispering this grand secret crams his nose
 Into your wig, and squeezing every hand,
 “'Tis mine to serve you, Sir—Your's to command”—
 Thus kindly breathing many a promise fair,
 He feeds two rows of gaping fools with air;
 Unmeaning gabbles set retines of speech,
 As papists pray, or prelates us'd to preach,
 Makes himself o'er in trust, to keep his ground,
 And FAIRLY GULLS HIS CREDITORS ALL ROUND.
 With warm delight his words poor CODRUS hears,
 Sweet as the fancy'd music of the spheres;
 Then trudges jocund home thro' mire and clay,
 While pleasing thoughts beguile the long long way;

A snug

A snug warm living skims before his eyes,
 His tithe-pig gruntles, and his grey goose flies;
 His lonely shatter'd cot, all patcht with mud,
 And hemm'd around by many a fragrant flood,
 Chang'd to a neat, and modern house he sees,
 Built on high ground, and shelter'd well with trees;
 Spacious in front the chequer'd lawns extend,
 With useful ponds, and gardens at the end,
 Where art and nature kindly join to bring
 The fruits of Autumn, and the flowers of Spring.
 No more a sun-burnt bob the preacher wears,
 Or coat of serge, where ev'ry thread appears:
 Behold him deckt in spruce and trim array,
 With cassock short, and vest of raven-grey;
 In powder'd pomp the spacious grizzle flows,
 And the broad beaver trembles o'er his nose.
 Ah dear delusions, tempt his thoughts no more,
 Leave him untortur'd by desire, though poor!
 What can advance, in these degenerate days,
 When gold, or int'rest all preferment sways,
 A wretch unblest by Fortune, and by birth?
 Alas, not TERRICK's parts, or TALBOT's worth!
 Else long, long since had honest BUTLER shone
 High in the church religion's spotless sun;
 Had beam'd around his friendly light to cheer
 The lonely, way-worn, wandering traveller;
 Chac'd error's black and baleful shades away,
 And pour'd thro' every mind resistless day.
 Alas, the change! far in a lowly vale,
 'Midst straggling huts, where some few peasants dwell,

He lives in virtue rich, in fortune poor,
 And treads the path his master trod before.
 O great, good man ! to cheer without request
 The drooping heart, and sooth the troubled breast ;
 With cords of love the wayward sheep to hold,
 And draw the lost, and wandering to the fold ;
 To spend so little, yet have some to spare ;
 To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare ;
 To visit beds of sickness in the night,
 When rains descend, and rolling thunders fright,
 There death deprive of all his terrors foul,
 And sing soft requiems to the parting soul !
 Blush, blush for shame !—Your heads, ye Pastors, hide,
 Ye pamper'd sons of luxury and pride,
 Who leave to prowling wolves your helpless care,
 And truck preferments at the public fair ;
 In whose fat corpse the soul supinely lies,
 Snug at her ease, and wondrous loth to rise !

F. Friend, friend, you're warm—why this is downright
 spleen,

You flout the fat, because yourself are lean :
 Yet laugh to see behind the silver mace
 Black-brow'd CORNUTUS with his starveling face,
 A wretch so worn with penury and pride,
 His very bones stand staring thro' his hide.
 Why chuse the church, if petulant and vain
 You proudly shun the paths that lead to gain,
 Yet rack'd with envy, when your brethren rise,
 Revile the prudent arts that you despise ?

Better some dirty, vile, mechanic trade,
 Cobler, or smith—a fortune might be made ;
 The cross-legg'd wretch, who stitches up the gown,
 Is of more worth than half the clerks in town ;
 And laughs with purse-proud insolence to see
 The needy curate's full-sleev'd dignity.—

P. Why chuse the church ? A father's prudent voice
 Determin'd, friend, and dignify'd the choice :
 To thee, religion, thro' the tranquil road,
 Himself with honour and with virtue trod,
 He led me on—and know, no slave to gain,
 Undow'r'd I took thee, and undow'r'd retain.
 What ! Durst the blind philosopher of yore
 Chuse thy half-sister Virtue, vile and poor,
 Chuse her begirt with all the ghastly train
 Of ills, contempt, and ridicule, and pain ?
 And shall not I, O dear celestial dame,
 Love thee with all my soul's devoutest flame ?
 Shall I not gaze, and doat upon thy charms,
 And fly to catch the heav'n within thy arms ?
 O my fair mistress, lovelier to be seen
 Than the chaste lily, opening on the green ;
 Sweet as the blushing rose in SHARON'S vale,
 And soft as IDUMEA'S balmy gale !
 Of thee enamour'd martyr'd heroes stood
 Firm to their faith, and constant ev'n to blood ;
 No views of fame, no fears of sad disgrace,
 Had pow'r to tear them from thy lov'd embrace,
 Wrapt up in thee, tho' harlots stalkt abroad,
 And persecution shook her iron rod !

Peace to their souls!—But tell me, gentle maid,
 O tell me, are thy beauties all decay'd?
 Hath time's foul canker ev'ry grace devour'd?
 Thy virgin charms hath ignorance deflow'r'd?
 That thus thou wander'st helpless and forlorn,
 Of knaves the hatred, and of fools the scorn!

F. Still knave, and fool?—For God's sake, Sir, refrain!
 This petulance of pride will prove your bane.
 What! you're averse to dash thro' thick and thin?
 Try cleaner ways—'tis done, if you begin.
 Go with soft flattery, studious to oblige,
 Some dull, and self-admiring lord besiege,
 And like the dove, to MECCA's prophet dear,
 Pick a good living from your patron's ear:
 GULLION succeeded thus, and so may you—
 But railing, railing!—Friend, it ne'er can do.

P. Good heav'n forbid that I a plain, blunt man,
 Who cannot fawn, and loath the wretch who can,
 Should brook a trencher-chaplain at the board,
 The loud horse-laugh, and raillery of my lord;
 Slave to his jokes, his passion, and his pride,
 A dull tame fool for lacquies to deride,
 Who snort around to hear the wretch abuse
 My person, morals, family, and muse!
 Shall I such base Egyptian bondage bear,
 And eat my heart thro' sorrow, grief, and care!
 For twice sev'n tedious years wait, watch, ride, run,
 Nor dare to live, or speak, or think my own?

Observe

Observe with awe that fickle vane his mind,
 That shifts, and changes with the changeful wind ?
 Read ev'ry look, each twinkling of his eye,
 And thence divine the doubtful augury ?

No, PHARAOH no !—Here in this calm retreat,
 Where ev'ry muse, and virtue fix their seat,
 Here let me shun each lordling proud and vain,
 And scorn the world ere scorn'd by it again !
 Ye happier few, that in this stately dome
 Where still the soul of NEWTON deigns to roam,
 Inspires each youthful candidate for fame,
 His noonday vision, and his midnight dream ;
 Ye happier few, by regal bounty fed,
 Here eat in privacy and peace your bread ;
 Nor tempt the world, that monster-bearing deep,
 Where hush'd in grim repose the tempests sleep,
 Where rocks, and sands, dread ministers of fate,
 To whelm the pilot's hopes in ambush wait.

On a huge hill, that braves the neighbouring sky,
 Washt by the sable gulph of infamy,
 Preferment's temple stands ; the base how wide,
 How steep the top, how cragg'd ev'ry side !
 Compact of ice the dazzling mountain glows,
 Like rocks of crystal, or Lapponian snows,
 While all around the storm-clad whirlwind rides,
 Dread thunder breaks, and livid lightning glides ;
 Hither by hope enliven'd crouds repair,
 Thick as the noontide swarms that float in air ;
 Dean jostles dean, each suffragan his brother,
 And half the jealous mob keeps down the other.

Ah little knows the wretch, that hath not try'd,
 What hell it is this shouldring thron'g to bide,
 Where garish art, and falsehood win the day,
 And simple single truth is spurn'd away :
 Where round, and round, with painful steps and flow,
 Whoe'er would scale the sudden height must go ;
 Catch ev'ry twig, each brake and op'ning trace,
 Pull down his friend, nay father, from his place,
 And raise himself by others foul disgrace. }
 Yet some there are, gay Folly's fluttering train,
 That free from care and toil the summit gain,
 Sublimely soar on fortune's partial wind,
 And leave the sons of Science far behind.
 Thus straws and feathers easily can fly,
 And the light scale is sure to mount on high ;
 Thin air-blown bubbles with each breath are born,
 And wind will raise the chaff that leaves the corn.
 Others again with crouds contentious strive,
 And thro' mere dint of opposition thrive ;
 Stiff in opinion, active, restless wights,
 They rise against the wind like paper kites :
 'Twas thus proud RAMUS to the mitre flew,
 Opposing, and oppos'd——

F. And thus must you——

If opposition, faction, broils prevail,
 Take courage, friend, for sure you ne'er can fail.
 Misguided youth, is satire thus your turn !
 Haste while the baleful flames of party burn :
 In hist'ry read ; go, join the grand dispute,
 And give one hireling more to PITT, or BUTE.

O!

O! would you paint his lordship's jerkin o'er
 With imps, and fiends (like base inquisitor)
 Then boldly hang him out to public view,
 The scorn and laughter of the gaping crew,
 How G * * A's sons would——

P. What?

F. Exult for joy,
 And lift your grateful praises to the sky.

P. Her sons exult? your men of parts and skill
 Change, like their dress, their principles at will;
 Where Mammon calls, with haste obsequious run,
 And bow like Persians to the rising sun.
 Too long, alas! o'er Britain's bleeding land
 Hath fell corruption wav'd her iron hand,
 Too long possess a monarch's patient ear,
 While all the sons of freedom shrunk with fear.
 Is there then one, whose breast religion warms,
 And virtue decks with all her brightest charms;
 Whose fiery glance the loathsome den pervades,
 Where vice, and foul corruption sculk in shades;
 True to his king, and to the public just,
 No dupe to passion, and no slave to lust;
 Whom all the good revere, the vile abuse,
 A friend to learning, and the gentle muse?
 Scotchman, or Teague—be this his patriot view,
 I'll praise him, love him, friend, and so shall you.
 Curst be the lines (tho' ev'ry THESPIAN maid
 Come uninvoked, and lend her timely aid,

View

View them, like THETIS, with a mother's eye,
 And dip them o'er in dews of CASTALY)
 Curst be the lines, that pow'ful vice adorn,
 Or treat fair virtue, and her friends with scorn :
 Let 'em cloath candles, wrap up cheese, line trunks ;
 Or flutt'ring on a rail, 'midst rogues and punks,
 Ne'er meet the mild judicious critic's praise,
 But die, like those that FANNY sings or says :
 FANNY, dull wight, to whom the ghost appears
 Of murder'd HORACE, pale and wan with tears ;
 FANNY, dull wight, a Mammon-serving slave,
 Half politician, atheist, parson, knave,
 That drunk each night, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
 Dyes his red face in port, and his black soul in ink.

No fly fanatic, no enthusiast wild,
 No party tool, beguiling and beguil'd,
 No slave to pride, no canting pimp to pow'r,
 Nor rigid churchman, nor dissenter four,
 No fawning flatterer to the base and vain,
 No timist vile, or worshipper of gain ;
 When gay not dissolute, grave not severe,
 Tho' learn'd no pedant, civil tho' sincere ;
 Nor mean nor haughty, be one preacher's praise
 That—if he rise, he rise by manly ways :
 Yes, he abhors each sordid selfish view,
 And dreads the paths your men of art pursue ;
 Who trust some wand'ring meteor's dubious ray,
 And fly like owls from truth's meridian day.

F. Alas, alas ! I plainly, friend, foresee
 In points like these we never shall agree.

Too

Too sure debarr'd from all the joys of life,
 From heav'n's best gifts, a living, and a wife,
 Chain'd to a college you must waste your days,
 (Wrapt up in monkish indolence, and ease.)
 In one dull round of sleeping, eating, drinking,
 A foe to care, but more a foe to thinking.
 There when ten lustrums are supinely spent
 In ENVIOUS SLOTH, AND MOISH DISCONTENT;
 When not one friend, one comfort more remains;
 But slowly creeps the cold blood thro' your veins,
 And palsy'd hands, and tott'ring knees betray
 An helpless state of nature in decay;
 While froward youth derides your squalid age,
 And longs to shove you trembling off the stage;
 Then, then you'll blame your conduct—but too late,
 And curse your enemies, and friends, and fate.

P. Better be worn with age, with ills oppress'd,
 Distrest in fame, in fortune too distrest;
 Better unknown, and unlamented die,
 With no kind friend to close the parting eye,
 (So all is calm, and undisturb'd within)
 Than feel, and fear the biting pangs of sin.
 For O! what odds, the curtain once withdrawn,
 Betwixt a saint in rags, and rev'rend knave in lawn?



TO PLEASURE.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

HENCE from my fight, unfeeling sage,
 Hence, to thy lonely hermitage!—
 There far remov'd from joy, and pain,
 Supinely slumber life away ;
 Act o'er dull yesterday again,
 And be thy morrow like to-day.
 Rest to thy bones!—While to the gale
 Happier I spread my festive wing,
 And like the wand'ring bee exhale
 Fresh odours from life's honey'd spring ;
 From bloom to bloom in pleasing rapture stray,
 Where mirth invites, and pleasure points the way.

I. 2.

Hail ! heav'n-born virgin fair, and free,
 Of language mild, of aspect gay,
 Whose voice the sullen family
 Of care and discontent obey !

By

By thee inspir'd the simplest scenes,
 The russet cots, the lowly glens,
 Mountains, on whose craggy brow
 Nature's lawless tenants feed,
 Bushy dells, and streams, that flow
 Thro' the violet-purple mead,
 Delight ; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
 That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flow'r-field,
 Beyond Sabean sweets, and all the gums
 The spicy deserts of Arabia yield.

I. 3

When the Attic bird complains
 From the still, attentive grove,
 Or the linnet breathes his strains,
 Taught by nature, and by love ;
 Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
 And Harmony's soft, filken chain,
 In willing bondage leads our cares,
 And binds the giant-sense of pain :
 Untun'd by thee, how coarse the long-drawn note,
 Spun from the lab'ring eunuch's tortur'd throat !
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' FARINELLI sings,
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' HANDEL wakes the strings.
 Untouch'd by thee, see senseless FLORIO sits,
 And stares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

II. 1.

O Pleasure, come !—and far, far hence
 Expel that nun, Indifference !

Where'er

Where'er she waves her Ebon wand,
 Drencht in the dull Lethæan deep,
 Behold the marble passions stand
 Abforb'd in everlasting sleep!
 Then from the waste, and barren mind
 The muse's fairy-phantoms fly,
 They fly, nor leave a wreck behind
 Of heav'n-descending poetry:
 Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
 Quencht is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs are o'er!

II. 2.

'Twas thou, O nymph! that led'st along
 The fair Dione's wanton choir,
 While to thy blitheft, softest song,
 Ten thousand Cupids strung the lyre:
 Aloft in air the cherubs play'd
 What time, in Cypria's myrtle-shade,
 Young Adonis slumb'ring lay
 On a bed of blushing flow'rs,
 Call'd to life by early May,
 And the rosy-bosom'd hours:
 The queen of love beheld her darling boy,
 In am'rous mood she nestled to his side,
 And thus, to melt his frozen breast to joy,
 Her wanton art she gayly-smiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the musk-rose, wet with dew,
 And the lily's op'ning bell,
 From fresh eglantine she drew
 Sweets of aromatic smell:

Part of that honey next she took,
Which Cupid too advent'rous stole,
When stung his throbbing hand he shook,
And felt the anguish to his soul :
His mother taught to hear the elf complain,
Yet still she pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;
She dress'd the wound with balm of sov'reign might,
And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :
Ah, who would fear to be so bath'd in blifs,
More agonizing smart, and deeper wounds than this?—

III. 1.

Her magic zone she next unbound,
And wav'd it in the air around :
Then cull'd from ever-frolic smiles,
That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
Such sweetness as the heart beguiles,
And turns the mighty strong to weak :
To these ambrosial dew she join'd,
And o'er the flame of warm desire,
Fann'd by soft sighs, love's gentlest wind,
Dissolv'd, and made the charm entire ;
O'er her moist lips, that blush'd with heav'nly red,
The graces' friendly hand the blest ingredients spread.

III. 2.

Adonis wak'd—he saw the fair,
And felt unusual tumults rise ;
His bosom heav'd with am'rous care,
And humid languor veil'd his eyes !
Driv'n by some strong impulsive pow'r
He sought the most sequester'd bow'r,

Where

Where diffus'd on Venus' breast;
 First he felt extatic blifs,
 First her balmy lips he prest,
 And devour'd the new made KISS :
 But, O my muse, thy tattling tongue restrain,
 Her sacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?
 She crowns the silent, leads the blabbing swain
 To doubts, desires, and fears, the fev'rish lover's hell;

III. 3:

Change then, sweetest nymph of nine,
 Change the song, and fraught with pleasures,
 String anew thy silver twine
 To the softest, Lydian measures !
 My Cynthia calls, whose natal hour
 Th' assistant graces saw, and smil'd ;
 Then deign'd his Cyprian charms to pour
 With lavish bounty o'er the child :
 Sithence where'er the firen moves along,
 In pleasing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,
 Love's soft suffusion dims the aching eyes,
 Love's subtlest flame thro' ev'ry art'ry flies :
 Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulse betray,
 We gaze in transport lost—then faint, and die away.

EDWIN



EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

‘TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 ‘ And guide my lonely way
 ‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale
 ‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
 ‘ With fainting steps and slow ;
 ‘ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 ‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here to the houseless child of want
 ‘ My door is open still ;
 ‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
 ‘ I give it with good will.

D

‘ Then

- Then turn to-night, and freely share
 • What'er my cell bestows ;
- My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 • My blessing and repose.

- No flocks that range the valley free
 • To slaughter I condemn :
- Taught by that power that pities me,
 • I learn to pity them.

- But from the mountain's grassy side
 • A guiltless feast I bring ;
- A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
 • And water from the spring.

- Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 • All earth-born cares are wrong :
- Man wants but little here below,
 • Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care !
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd,
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd :
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast ?

- ‘ From better habitations spurn’d,
‘ Reluctant dost thou rove ;
- ‘ Or grieve for friendship unreturn’d,
‘ Or unregarded love ?

- ‘ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
‘ Are trifling and decay ;
- ‘ And those who prize the paltry things,
‘ More trifling still than they.

- ‘ And what is friendship but a name,
‘ A charm that lulls to sleep ;
- ‘ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
‘ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

- ‘ And love is still an emptier sound,
‘ The modern fair one’s jest,
- ‘ On earth unseen, or only found
‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.

- ‘ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :
- But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ the cry’d,
 ‘ Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 ‘ Where heaven and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
 ‘ Whom love has taught to stray ;
 ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 ‘ Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 ‘ A wealthy lord was he ;
 ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine ;
 ‘ He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms
 ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
 ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 ‘ With richest proffers strove :
 ‘ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 ‘ But never talk’d of love.

- ‘ In humble simplest habit clad,
 - ‘ No wealth nor power had he ;
 - ‘ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 - ‘ But these were all to me.
-
- ‘ The blossom opening to the day,
 - ‘ The dews of heaven refin’d,
 - ‘ Could nought of purity display
 - ‘ To emulate his mind,
-
- ‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 - ‘ With charms inconstant shine ;
 - ‘ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 - ‘ Their constancy was mine.
-
- ‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
 - ‘ Importunate and vain ;
 - ‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
 - ‘ I triumph’d in his pain.
-
- ‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 - ‘ He left me to my pride ;
 - ‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
 - ‘ In secret where he died.
-
- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 - ‘ And well my life shall pay,
 - ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
 - ‘ And stretch me where he lay. —

‘ And

- And there forlorn despairing hid,
 ' I'll lay me down and die :
- 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ' And so for him will I.'
- Forbid it, heaven !' the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.
- Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ' My charmer turn to see]
- Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 ' Restor'd to love and thee.
- Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ' And ev'ry care resign ;
- And shall we never, never part,
 ' My life,—my all that's mine.
- No, never, from this hour to part,
 ' We'll live and love so true ;
- The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 ' Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

See 4th March 1844.



THE GIFT: TO IRIS.

BY THE SAME.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make,
 Expressive of my duty ?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize
 The gift, who slights the giver ?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em :
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
 Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
 A transitory passion :

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere than civil :
 I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee—to the devil.

A C

THE



T H E
C I T's C O U N T R Y - B O X, 1757.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

*Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.* H O R.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits madam, his unweildy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signifies the loads of wealth
Without that richest jewel, health?

Excuse

Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life!
 Such easeless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear :
 One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise, and country air,
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from Cheney-Row :
 He's a good man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so warm, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be out-done, my dear !

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his country-box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road ;
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city !

Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fufs of moving over ;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred !
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground ;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrified !

'Twould come to but a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise ;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales :
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing, all Chinese ;
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd :

One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees,
Objects continually passing by
Were something to amuse the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road ;

While

While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country-seat.

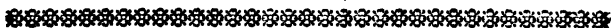
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's TASTE can never fall.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-sçai-quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs;

In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where Taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly ha-ha,
 By whose miraculons assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
 The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy graces :
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste ;
 And madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the feat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.



T H E A C T O R.

A D D R E S S E D T O

B O N N E L L T H O R N T O N, Esq;

B Y T H E S A M E.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
 From no obfervance of mechanic laws ;
 No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
 No rules deliver'd down from age to age,

Let players nicely mark them as they will,
 Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
 If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
 Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
 Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
 By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
 The mind recalls an object held more dear,
 And hates the copy, that it comes so near:
 Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone;
 In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
 A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
 But gives his mimic no reflected praise.
 Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name
 Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
 'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill,
 The train of captive passions at thy will;
 To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
 In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:
 Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,
 When horrors such as thine have murder'd sleep;
 And at the old man's look and frantic stare
 'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
 Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
 The comic muse too claims thee for her own.
 With each delightful requisite to please,
 Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,
 Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
 From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool:
 With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
 That what we see the last, we like the best.

Not

Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
'Tis so mechanic in these modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distress'd,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
When Christians were the subject of their plays,
E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.
A noble object for his skill he chose,
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes;
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause,
Fill'd with th' idea of the secret part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look, and voice, and gesture all express'd
A kindred ardour in the player's breast;
Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man:

Protest

Profest the faith, his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and eye.

The critic fight 'tis only grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not ease.

There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the Hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.

Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state;
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along:
So grave each motion, so exact and flow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes:
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line;
Who but allows his attitude is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.

When

When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell :

No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.

In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,

I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;

Who murders what the poet finely writ,

And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,

With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,

And writes a foolish comment with his face.

Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein

But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,

With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,

Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene.

What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,

Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;

The very man in look, in voice, in air,

And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,

But acting words is labour too minute.

Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;

While sober humour marks th' impression strong.

Her proper traits the fixt attention hit ;

And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;

With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care !
'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the dissingenuous art
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust, I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there !
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb ;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage !

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a fee-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

Some

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
 Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
 Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
 Their words, like stage-proceffions, stalk along,
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
 Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear :
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
 While pause, and break, and repetition join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
 With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
 While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
 In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;
 A single look more marks th' internal woe,
 Than all the windings of the lengthen'd O.

Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes !
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
 And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
 In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
 If phrenzy fit not in the troubled eye.
 In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
 And call the tear fast trickling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage ;
 A want of due attention on the stage.
 I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
 Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue ;
 In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
 Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;
 Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
 Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
 And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
 Why ſhould the well-bred actor wiſh to know
 Who fits above to-night, or who below ?
 So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
 Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage ;
 When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
 The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
 Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
 Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.

To ſuit the dreſs demands the actor's art,
 Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.

To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
 Black wigs to murd'ers, feather'd hats to kings :
 But Michael Caffio might be drunk enough,
 Tho' all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
 Why shou'd Poll Peachum shine in fatten cloaths ?
 Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose ?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
 Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
 Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
 Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear ?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
 And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;
 When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
 And fancy tells him that the seat is full ;
 Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
 To frighten children with his mealy face ?
 The king alone shou'd form the phantom there,
 And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
 Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor ?
 When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
 She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
 And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
 'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
 More instant horror would enforce the scene,
 If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blendid skill,
 Mould all our passions to their instant will ;
 'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
 (The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)

Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O! ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend
The decent stage, as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
No reason weighs against its proper use.
Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their rise,
Shew scorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man.
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
Who stand the foremost in the mortal train;
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless artist! tho' thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Tho' at thy beck applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,

Knew,

Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
 Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
 While more than half becomes the actor's share,
 Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.



WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

BY DAVID MALLET, Esq;

I.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet,
 In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud:
 And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath :
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX. Why

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale !

XII.

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV. The

XV.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
 With beams of rosy red :
 Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
 , And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where MARGARET's body lay :
 And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore :
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more !

N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, old MERRY THOUGHT enters repeating the following verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came MARGARET's grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known at the time when that author wrote ; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy : and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem ; which was written many years ago.

ZEPHIR :



ZEPHIR: OR, THE STRATAGEM.

BY THE SAME.

*Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
Una dolo Divûm si Fœmina viçta duorum est.* VIRGA

THE ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was surpris'd, on horse-back, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the SOUTHWEST; which made her dismount somewhat precipitately.

THE God, in whose gay train appear
Those gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In NATURE's, and in MIRA's face;
To speak more plain, the western wind,
Had seen this brightest of her kind:
Had seen her oft with fresh surprize!
And ever with desiring eyes!
Much by her shape, her look, her air,
Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair:
More, by the meaning soul that shines
Thro' all her charms, and all refines.
Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
Her form is dignity, with ease:
Then—such a hand, and such an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!

Just

'Just such a leg too, ZEPHIR knows,
 The Medicéan VENUS shows!
 So far he sees; so far admires,
 Each charm is fuel to his fires:
 But other charms, and those of price,
 That form the bounds of PARADISE,
 Can those an equal praise command?
 'All turn'd by Nature's finest hand!
 Is all the consecrated ground
 With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round?
 The world, but once, one ZEUXIS saw,
 A faultless form who dar'd to draw:
 And then, that all might perfect be,
 All rounded off in due degree,
 To furnish out the matchless piece,
 Were rifled half the toasts of GREECE.
 'Twas PITT's white neck, 'twas DELIA's thigh;
 'Twas WALD'GRAVE's sweetly-brilliant eye;
 'Twas gentle PEMBROKE's ease and grace,
 And HERVEY lent her maiden-face.
 But dares he hope, on BRITISH ground,
 That these may all, in one, be found?
 These chiefly that still shun his eye?
 He knows not; but he means to try.
 AURORA rising, fresh and gay,
 Gave promise of a golden day,
 Up, with her sister, MIRA rose,
 Four hours before our London beaux;
 For these are still asleep and dead,
 Save ARTHUR's sons—not yet in bed.

A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
 Had caught the passing fair one's view;
 To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
 And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
 Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
 She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
 Due westward as her steps she bore,
 Would swell her petticoat before;
 Would subtly steal his face between,
 To see—what never yet was seen!
 “ And sure, to fan it with his wing,
 No nine-month symptom e'er can bring:
 His aim is but the nymph to please,
 Who daily courts his cooling breeze.”

But listen, fond believing maid:
 When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,
 With all the moving skill and grace
 Of practis'd passion in his face,
 Dread his approach, distrust your power——
 For oh! there is one shepherd's hour:
 And tho' he long, his aim to cover,
 May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
 The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
 Will but adore you into ruin.
 But, for those butterflies, the beaux,
 Who buzz around in tinsel-rows,
 Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain:
 Where insects settle, they will stain.

Thus, ZEPHIR oft the nymph assail'd,
 As oft his little arts had fail'd:

The folds of filk, the ribs of whale,
 Resisted still his feeble gale.
 With these repulses vex'd at heart,
 Poor ZEPHIR has recourse to art :
 And his own weakness to supply,
 Calls in a brother of the sky.
 The rude South-West : whose mildest play
 Is war, mere war, the Russian way :
 A tempest-maker by his trade,
 Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their æreal league,
 How first to harraß and fatigue,
 Then, found on some remoter plain,
 To ply her close with wind and rain ;
 These terms, writ fair and seal'd and sign'd
 Should WEB or STUKELY wish to find,
 Wife antiquaries, who explore
 All that has ever pass'd—and more ;
 Tho' here too tedious to be told,
 Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
 Those floating registers in air :
 So let them mount, and read 'em there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,
 To instant action they proceed ;
 For 'tis in war a maxim known,
 As PRUSSIA's monarch well has shown,
 To break, at once, upon your foe,
 And strike the first preventive blow.
 With TORO's lungs, in TORO's form,
 Whose very how-d'ye is a storm,

The dread South-West his part begun.
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
 At his command, from pole to pole
 Dark-spreading o'er, the fair one roll ;
 Who, pressing now her favourite steed,
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O MIRA ! to the future blind,
 Th' infidious foe is close behind :
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can ;
 Unless this God should be the man.
 For lo ! the clouds, at his known call,
 Are closing round—they burst ! they fall !
 While at the charmer, all-aghast,
 He pours whole winter in a blast :
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
 If navies founder on the flood ;
 If BRITAIN'S coast be left as bare *
 As he resolves to leave the fair.
 Here, Gods resemble human breed ;
 The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled.
 With silk, lawn, linen, round her head ;
 And, to the fawns who fed above,
 Unveil'd the last recess of love.
 Each wondering fawn was seen to bound †,
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,

* The very day on which the fleet under admiral HAWKE was blown into TORBAY.

† Immemor herbarum quos est mirata Juvenca. VIRG.

At sight of that sequester'd glade,
 In all its light, in all its shade,
 Which rises there for wisest ends,
 To deck the temple it defends.

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
 For what a thousand heroes strove,
 When EUROPE, ASIA, both in arms,
 Disputed one fair lady's charms.
 The war pretended HELEN's eyes *;
 But this, believe it, was the prize.
 This'rous'd, ACHILLES' mortal ire,
 This strung his HOMER's epic lyre;
 Gave to the world LA MANCHA's knight;
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, tho' the distant conscious muse
 This airy rape delighted views;
 Yet she, for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying it, disdains to praise,
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the gods?
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire †,
 With whom cast in the SWEDES and empire,
 Can four such powers, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise, should they prevail?
 O mighty triumph! high renown!
 Two gods have brought one mortal down;

* Et fuit ante HELENAM, &c. HOR.

† A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary.

Have clubb'd their forces in a storm,
 To strip one helpless female form !
 Strip her stark naked ; yet confess,
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress !

But, all-insensible to blame,
 The sky-born ravishers on flame
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
 SLEEK S***R too had done no less ;
 Would parsons here the truth confess :
 Nay, one brisk PEER, yet all-alive,
 Would do the same, at eighty-five*.

But how, in colours softly-bright,
 Where strength and harmony unite,
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show
 Than MESSALINA's borrow'd snow ;
 To paint the rose, that, thro' its shade,
 With theirs, one human eye survey'd ;
 Would gracious PHOEBUS tell me how,
 Would he the genuine draught avow,
 The muse, a second TITIAN then,
 To fame might consecrate her pen !
 That TITIAN, Nature gave of old
 The queen of beauty to behold,
 Like MIRA unadorn'd by dress,
 But all-complete in nakedness :

* We believe there is a mistake in this reading ; for the person best informed and most concerned assures, that it should be *only seventy-five*.

Then bade his emulating art
 Those wonders to the world impart.
 Around the ready graces stand,
 His tints to blend, to guide his hand.
 Each heightning stroke, each happy line,
 Awakes to life the form divine;
 Till rais'd and rounded every charm,
 And all with youth immortal warm,
 He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
 He sees a brighter VENUS rise!
 But, to the gentle reader's cost,
 His pencil with his life, was lost:
 And MIRA must contented be,
 To live by RAMSAY, and by ME.



EDWIN AND EMMA,

BY THE SAME.

*Mark it, CESARIO, it is true and plain.
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones;
 Do use to chant it. It is filly Sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.* SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

II. There

II.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek :
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigna.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
Was quickly too reveal'd :
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His sister, who, like ENVY form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work their harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love, nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd :
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove :
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on STANEMORE's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

XVII.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbad what EMMA came to say;
“ My EDWIN live for me.”

XX.

Now homeward as the hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale——
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale!

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door——
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more!

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side——
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.



A PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE,

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary;
 For once I'll try my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 That lurk'ft in woods unseen;
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light
 Triptst gaily o'er the green!

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 As ancient stories tell,
 And for th' Athenian maid, who lov'd,
 Thou fought'ft a wondrous spell;

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power;
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice of western flower,
 Conceals a balm for me,

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please:
 Far from the heart those gifts remove,
 That sighs for peace and ease.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree :
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound ;
Beyond is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart ;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O, haste to shed the sacred balm !
My shatter'd nerves new-string ;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph, Indifference, bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly ;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear, which pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown :
The heart that melts for other's woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close,
 And tranquil days shall still succeed
 To nights of calm repose.

O, fairy elf! but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send;
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew;
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
 I'll pass in sober ease;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

~~TO SICKNESS; AN ELEGY, BY MR. DELAP.~~

TO SICKNESS;

AN ELEGY,

BY MR. DELAP.

HOW blithe the flow'ry graces of the spring
From nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow show'r;
Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread pow'r! my chearful morn display'd
The flattering promise of a golden noon,
Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
Dy'd in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmless it pass'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I saw them rove thro' pleasure's flowery field;
I saw Health paint them with her rosy hand,
Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet,

Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah ! must the transient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour !

Say ; shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid queen ! unnerve the soul's bright powers,
Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers ?

No, let me follow still, those bow'rs among,
Her flow'ry footsteps as the goddess goes ;
Let me, just lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compose.

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls,
The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
From Friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
But a brief name upon a little stone,
Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire ;
And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Ev'n

Ev'n * He, sole terror of a venal age,
 The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul
 With such bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
 Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.

He † too, who " mounts and keeps his distant way,"
 His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
 Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
 And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs,

Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess
 I come, and lay for ever at its door
 The syren throng of follies numberless,
 Nor with their flattering songs should soothe me more.

Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
 Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
 Who here retir'd, with pensive pleasure tread
 The silent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity shall fly
 From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
 For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
 Pardon for foes, and love for human kind,

Then, while Ambition's trump from age to age
 Its slaughter'd millions boasts; while Fame shall rear
 Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage;
 Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's pray'r.

* MR. POPE.

† MR. GRAY.

VERSES



VERSES TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, 1758.

BY WIL. WHITEHEAD, Esq; POET LAUREAT.

——— *Mures animos in martia bella*
Verfibus exacuit. —————

HOR.

B RITONS, rouse to deeds of death !
Waste not zeal in idle breath,
Nor lose the harvest of your swords
In a civil-war of words !

Wherefore teems the shameless press
With labour'd births of emptiness ?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders use ;
Ill-tim'd humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their smiles ;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And satire, that profanes the name.

Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The use and dignity of speech,
At whose thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the MAN of MACEDON.
If the storm of words must rise,
Let it blast our enemies ;
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the PHILIPS of the world.

Learn

Learn not vainly to despise
(Proud of EDWARD's victories !)
Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
And navies powerful to display
Their woven wings to every wind,
And leave the panting foe behind.
Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and statesmen too ;
Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when such the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conquest nobler far.

Agincourt and Cressy long
Have flourish'd in immortal song ;
And lisping babes aspire to praise
The wonders of ELIZA's days.
And what else of late renown
Has added wreaths to Britain's crown ;
Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
She bade her harness'd warriors shine,
Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of praise
Where the Sambre meets the Maese ;
Or Danube rolls her watry train ;
Or the yellow-tress'd Mayne
Thro' Dettingen's immortal vale——
Even Fontenoy could tell a tale,
Might modest worth ingenuous speak,
To raise a blush on Victory's cheek ;

And

And bid the vanquish'd wreaths display
Great as on Culloden's day.

But glory, which aspires to last,
Leans not meanly on the past.
'Tis the present now demands
British hearts, and British hands.
Curst be he, the willing slave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
Curst be the coward tongue that dare
Breathe one accent of despair,
Cold as winter's icy hand
To chill the genius of the land.

Chiefly you, who ride the deep,
And bid our thunders wake or sleep,
As pity leads, or glory calls——

Monarchs of your wooden walls!
Midst our mingling seas and skies
Rise ye BLAKES, ye RALEIGHS rise!

Let the fordid lust of gain
Be banish'd from the liberal Main.
He who strikes the generous blow
Aims it at the public foe.

Let glory be the guiding star,
Wealth and honours follow her.

See! she spreads her lustre wide
O'er the vast Atlantic tide!
Constant as the solar ray
Points the path, and leads the way!
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear;

Where

Where the foe insidious roves
 O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves;
 And justice simple laws confounds
 With imaginary bounds.

If protected Commerce keep
 Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
 What have we from war to fear?
 Commerce steels the nerves of war;
 Heals the havock rapine makes,
 And new strength from conquest takes.

Nor less at home, O deign to smile,
 Goddess of Britannia's isle!
 Thou, that from her rocks survey'st
 Her boundless realms the wat'ry waste;
 Thou, that roves the hill and mead
 Where her flocks and heifers feed;
 Thou, that cheer'st the industrious swain
 While he strows the pregnant grain;
 Thou, that hear'st his caroll'd vows
 When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
 Thou, the bulwark of our cause,
 Thou, the guardian of our laws,
 Sweet Liberty!——O deign to smile,
 Goddess of Britannia's isle!

If to us indulgent heaven
 Nobler seeds of strength has given,
 Nobler should the produce be;
 Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
 Come then, all thy powers diffuse,
 Goddess of extended views!

Ev'ry breast which feels thy flame
 Shall kindle into martial fame,
 'Till shame shall make the coward bold,
 And Indolence her arms unfold :
 Ev'n Avarice shall protect his hoard,
 And the plow-share gleam a sword.

Goddeſs, all thy powers diſſuſe !
 And thou, genuine BRITISH MUSE,
 Nurs'd amidſt the Druids old,
 Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
 Thou, that bear'ſt the golden key
 To unlock eternity,
 Summon thy poetic guard——
 Britain ſtill has many a bard,
 Whom, when time and death ſhall join
 T' expand the ore, and ſtamp the coin,
 Late poſterity ſhall own
 Lineal to the Muſe's throne——
 Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
 Of fabled ſhade, or haunted ſtream,
 In the daiſy-painted mead
 'Tis to peace we tune the reed ;
 But when War's tremendous roar
 Shakes the iſle from ſhore to ſhore,
 Every bard of purer fire,
 Tyrtæus-like, ſhould graſp the lyre ;
 Wake with verſe the hardy deed,
 Or in the generous ſtrife like * SIDNEY bleed.

* Sir Philip Sidney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen, in Guelderland.



A S O N G.

WRITTEN TO A LADY.

I.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty
and fame,
Fair Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim,
When to crown the high transports dear conquest excites,
At court she was envy'd and toasted at White's.

II.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case?
A cruel disease has spoil'd her sweet face;
Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.

III.

Yet take heed, all ye fair, how you triumph in vain,
For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
Is now more engaging since reason took place,
Than when she possess'd the perfections of face.

IV.


Convinc'd she no more can coquet it and tease,
Instead of tormenting——she studies to please:
Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life,
And tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.



TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY THE LATE INGENIOUS MR. TICKEL,

NOT PUBLISHED IN HIS WORKS.

O H! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, can'st thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country-wife.
 O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
 Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream! 
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his mazy train;
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
 Already round the visionary seat
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flow'rs to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travel further than ten furlongs round;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.

Where early larks best tell the morning-light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night,
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets furrounded of ten thousand dies;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
 And O! if heav'n th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cros the gloomy grove,
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade.
 What cheering scents those bord'ring banks exhale!
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
 That thrush, how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the skies,
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
 Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
 While from thy needle rise the filken flow'rs,
 And thou by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
 O! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,
 Soft whisp'ring, let me warn my love to rest;
 Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
 And to sweet heav'n commend thy innocence.

Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
 Wife, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
 Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
 And specious joys are bought with real woe.
 See Flavia's pendants, large, well spread, and right,
 The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
 Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,
 To shun the with'ring dame that made him gay;
 That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame;
 That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame;
 This cockcomb's riband cost him half his land,
 And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
 Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
 Acquires strange wants that nature never new.
 By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
 And sleeps perverse the chearful suns away;
 From goblets, high emboss'd, his wine must glide,
 Round his clos'd fight the gorgeous curtain slide;
 Fruits, ere their time, to grace his pomp must rise,
 And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
 For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
 The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
 This wisdom thy reward for ev'ry pain,
 And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
 Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.
 And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,
 Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new.

Mean while, in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
 Hail, humble shades, where truth and silence dwell !
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court farewell !
 Farewell ambition, once my darling flame !
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !
 In life's by-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own.
 Here shall they end (O might they twice begin !)
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.



PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUES.

BY MR. GARRICK.

AN old trite proverb let me quote !
 As is your cloth, so cut your coat.—
 To suit our *author* and his *farce*,
Short let me be ! for wit is scarce.
 Nor would I shew it, had I any,
 The reasons why are strong and many.
 Should I have wit, the piece have none,
 A flash in pan with empty gun,
 The piece is sure to be undone.
 A tavern with a gaudy sign,
 Whose bush is better than the wine,
 May cheat you once.—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice ?

}

'Tis

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations :

Poets be dull in dedications !

Dulness in these to wit prefer——

But there indeed you seldom err.

In prologues, prefaces, be flat !

A silver button spoils your hat.

A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,

Did not the blockheads lace the cape.

A case in point to this before ye,

Allow me, pray, to tell a story !

To turn the penny, once, a wit

Upon a curious fancy hit ;

Hung out a board on which he boasted,

Dinner for THREEPENCE ! Boil'd and roasted !

The hungry read, and in they trip,

With eager eye and smacking lip :

“ Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray !”

——Enter POTATOES——dressed *each way*.

All star'd and rose, the house forsook,

And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.

My landlord found (poor *Patrick Kelly*)

There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason :

—Wit in a prologue's out of season—

Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,

Like *Cock-lane* folks for *Fanny's* scratching ?

And here my simile's so fit,

For *Prologues* are but *Ghosts* of wit,

Which mean to shew their art and skill,

And scratch you to their Author's will.

He aim'd at purity in all he said,
 And never once admitted *eth* nor *ed*;
 It *bath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale:
 With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
 And once (it has been said) was near being knighted.

One *Aristophanes* (a wicked wit,
 Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
 Had mark'd the manner of this *Grecian* sage,
 And thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had, from the lumber, cull'd with curious care,
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
 His affectation, consequence, and mien,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene;
 Loud peals of plaudits thro' the circle ran,
 All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then *Peter—Petros* was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
 " The case you put, I fully understand;
 " The thing is plain from *Cocus's* reports,
 " For rules of poetry an't rules of courts:
 " A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it."
 A *Grecian* constable took up the poet;
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree:
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free;
 Greece was to him, what *Dublin* is to me.

PROLOGUE



P R O L O G U E

TO THE ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX.

PERFORMED SINCE THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE,
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE, AT PARIS.

TOO long by some fatality misled,
From pride resulting, or from folly bred ;
Each clime to all the virtues lays a claim,
And soars, self-flatter'd, to the top of fame :
Confines each merit to itself alone,
Or thinks no other equal to its own :
E'en the pale Russian shiv'ring as he lies,
Beneath the horror of his bitterest skies,
While the loud tempest rattles o'er his head,
Or bursts all dreadful on his tottering shed,
Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,
That soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole,
Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,
And smiles contempt on all the world beside.

'Tis your's, O France, the earliest to unbind
This more than Gordian manacle of mind !
To-night we bid your justice may be shewn
To foreign virtues equal with your own ;
Think, nobly think, when nature first was born,
And fair creation kindled into morn,

The

The world was but one family, one band,
 Which glow'd all grateful to the heavenly hand;
 Thro' ev'ry breast a social impulse ran,
 Link'd beast to beast, and fasten'd man to man,
 And the sole difference which he heard, or had,
 Dwelt in the simple phrases, " good or bad."
 Then scorn to give such partial feelings birth,
 As claim but one poor competence of earth;
 Be more than French; on ev'ry country call,
 And rise, exalted, citizens of all.

{*****}

E P I L O G U E.

THE anxious struggle happily o'erpast,
 And ev'ry party satisfy'd at last;
 It now remains to make one short essay,
 And urge the moral lesson in the play.
 In arts long since has Britain been renown'd,
 In arms high honour'd, and in letters crown'd:
 The same great goddess who so nobly sung
 In Shakespear's strains, and honey'd o'er his tongue,
 Their deathless Marlbro' to the triumph led,
 And wreath'd eternal laurels round his head;
 Yet tho' the trump of never-dying fame
 Strikes heav'n's high arches with the British name;
 Tho' on the sands of Africa it glows,
 Or casts a day-light on the Zemblian snows;
 Still there are faults in Britain to be found,
 Which spring as freely as in common ground.—

We

We are too gay,—they frequently too sad;—
 We run stark wild;—they melancholy mad;
 Extremes of either reason will condemn,
 Nor join with us, nor vindicate with them.

The human genius, like revolving suns,
 An equal circuit in the bosom runs:
 And thro' the various climates where 'tis plac'd,
 Must strike out new diversities of taste,
 To one grand point eternally it leans,
 Howe'er it warps or differs in the means.

Hence on no nation let us turn our eyes,
 And idly raise it spotless to the skies;
 Nor still more idly let our censures fall,
 Since knaves and madmen may be found in all.

Here then we rest, nor further can contend,
 For since the best will find some fault to mend,
 Let us, where'er the virtues shed their fire,
 With fervor reverence, and with zeal admire;
 Exert our care the gath'ring blaze to trace,
 And mark the progress only, not the place:
 Confess alike the peasant's and the king's,
 Nor once consider in what soil it springs.





AN ODE ON ST. CÆCILIA'S DAY,

Adapted to the ancient British music, viz. the salt-box, the Jew's harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-strum or hurdy-gurdy, &c. as it was performed on June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli ;

Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.

Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico ; quaterque

Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

ALEX. HEINSIUS.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTO.

Yield, yield ye fiddlers, French, Italians ;

Yield, yield, I say again—Rascallions.

One, two, three times I say, fiddlers give o'er ;

Yield ye, I now say times 1, 2, 3, 4.

PART I.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

BE dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine Cæcilia's name ;
 Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
 And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

RECIT. Accompanied.

The meaner melody we scorn,
 Which vulgar instruments afford ;
 Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
 Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsichord.

A I R.

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
 And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,
 With a rap and a tap while the hollow side sounds,
 Up and down leaps the flat, and with rattling rebounds.

RECITATIVE.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
 Soft and sharp,
 By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
 And lightly by the volant finger swept.

A I R.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
 Shrilly thrilling,
 Trembling, thrilling.
 Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

A GRAND

A GRAND SYMPHONY.

Accompanied with marrow-bones and cleavers.

A I R.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring,
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raife your uplifted arms on high ;
 In long-prolonged tones
 Let cleavers found
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow-bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring ;
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raife your uplifted arms on high ;
 In long-prolonged tones
 Let cleavers found
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow-bones.

RECIT.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Cease lighter numbers : Hither bring
 The undulating string
 Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
 In amity harmonious bound ;
 Then deeper swell the notes and sadder,
 And let the hoarse bass slowly solemn sound.

A I. R.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hums,
 With mournful moans,
 And grievous groans,
 The sober * hurdy-gurdy thrums.

P A R T II.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

WITH magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
 Motion, sense, and life inspire ;
 When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
 Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood ;
 The trees swift-bounding danc'd with loosen'd stumps,
 And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

A I R.

Each ruddy-breasted robbin
 The concert bore a bob in,

* This instrument, by the learned, is sometimes called a
~~hurdy~~ drum.

And

And ev'ry hooting owl around;
 The croaking frogs,
 The grunting hogs,
 All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now to Cæcilia, heav'nly maid,
 Your loud united voices raise,
 With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise,
 Each instrument shall lend its aid.
 The salt-box with clattering and clapping shall sound,
 The iron lyre
 Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,
 With heavy hum
 The sober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
 And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

L A S T G R A N D C H O R U S.

Such matchless strains Cæcilia knew,
 When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
 By harmony's strong pow'r, she drew,
 Whilst list'ning angels gladly stoop'd to hear.



ADVICE TO THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM,
UPON A LATE OCCASION.

WRITTEN IN 1765, BY AN OLD COURTIER.

WELL may they, Wentworth, call thee young,
What hear and feel ! lift right from wrong,
And to a wretch be kind !
Old statesmen would reverse your plan,
Sink, in the minister, the man,
And be both deaf and blind !

If thus, my lord, your heart o'erflows,
Know you, how many mighty foes
Such weakness will create you ?
Regard not what Fitzherbert says,
For tho' you gain each good man's praise,
We older folks shall hate you.

You should have sent, the other day,
G——k, the player, with frowns away,
Your smiles but made him bolder ;
Why would you hear his strange appeal,
Which dar'd to make a statesman feel ?
I would that you were older !

You

You should be proud, and seem displeas'd,
 Or you for ever will be teaz'd,
 Your house with beggars haunted :
 What, ev'ry suitor kindly us'd ?
 If wrong, their folly is excus'd,
 If right, their suit is granted.

From pressing crowds of great and small,
 To free yourself, give hopes to all,
 And fail nineteen in twenty :
 What, wound my honour, break my word !
 You're young again—You may, my lord,
 Have precedents in plenty !

Indeed, young statesman, 'twill not do,—
 Some other ways and means pursue,
 More fitted to your station !
 What from your boyish freaks can spring ?
 Mere toys !—The favour of your king,
 And love of all the nation.

~~ACT II. SCENE I. A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR.~~

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

• A WEST INDIAN BALLAD;

FOUNDED ON A REAL FACT, THAT HAPPENED A FEW YEARS AGO
 IN THE ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall,
 And whofo his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought would ever stray,
 Though ladies fought his hand:

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blithsome roll'd his een,
 Sweet was his voice when e'er he sung;
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
 That grac'd his mistress true;
 Such charms the old world never saw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine;
 Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
 She cast her weeds away,
 And to the palmy shore she hied,
 All in her best array.

In sea-green filk so neatly clad,
 She there impatient stood;
 The crew with wonder saw the lad
 Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
 Which he at parting gave;
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
 Rejoicing crowd the strand;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain;
 When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
 His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore,
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring:
 She falls, she falls, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
 Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew,
 So may your lovers scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate scape you.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD
 TO HIS LOVE.
 AN OLD BALLAD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and vallies, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals,

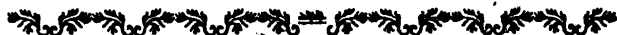
There will I make the beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of mirtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.



MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

A N O L D B A L L A D.

MY minde to me a kingdome is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde,
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That God or Nature hath assignde :
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice ;
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.
 Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

See how plentie surfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers sooneft fall :
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :
 These get with toile, and keep with feare ;
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor wealthie store,
 No force to winne a victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a fore,
 No shape to winne a lover's eye ;
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more :
 They are but poore, tho' much they have ;
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
 I grudge not at another's gaine ;
 No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
 I brooke that is another's bane :
 I fear no foe, nor fawne on friend ;
 I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease,
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence :
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
 Would all did so as well as I !

Scarcely was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by ;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain ;
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a fight,
She shot, and shot; but all in vain ;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart :
Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft ;
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand,

That

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast
 Love found an entry to her heart ;
 At feeling of this new-come guest,
 Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start.

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;
 Away she throws both shaft and bow :
 She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
 She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :
 What other lovers do, did they :
 The god of love sat on a tree,
 And laught that pleasant fight to see.



ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST.

BY MR. GLOVER, AUTHOR OF LEONIDES.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gentle swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying
 Our triumphant navy rode ;
 There while Vernon fate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet :
 On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their watry grave :
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts besides him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was lost ;
 Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ;
 These were English captains brave :
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my sailors bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright;
 Nothing then its wealth defended
 But my orders not to fight:
 O! that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
 Then the Bassimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom,
 To have fallen, my country crying
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.

Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

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THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

AN OLD BALLAD.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,
 Dye because a woman's faire?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosie are?

Be shee fairer than the day,
 Or the flowry meads in May;
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how faire she be?

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joyned with a lovely feature?
 Be shee meeker, kinder, than
 The turtle-dove or pelican;
 If shee be not so to me,
 What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me, to perish for her love?
 Or, her well-deservings knowne,
 Make me quite forget my owne?
 Be shee with that goodnesse blest,
 Which may merit name of Best;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the foole and dye?
 Those that beare a noble minde,
 Where they want of riches finde,
 Thinke what with them they would doe,
 That without them dare to wooe;
 And, unlesse that minde I see,
 What care I, though great shee be?

Great

Great or good, or kind or faire,

I will ne'er the more dispaire :

If she love me, this beleewe,

I will die ere she shall grieve ;

If she slight me, when I woove ;

I can scorne and let her goe :

For, if shee be not for me,

What care I for whom shee be ?



THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE away, you Syrens, leave me,

And unclasp your wanton armes ;

Sugred words shall ne'er deceive me,

(Though 'you' prove a thousand charmés) :

Fie, fie, forbear ;

No common snare

Could ever my affection chaine :

Your painted baits

And poore deceits,

Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be ;

Neither shall a snowy brest ;

Wanton eye, or lip of ruby

Ever rob me of my rest ;

Goe, goe, display

Your beautie's ray

To some ore-soone enamour'd fwaine :
 Those common wiles
 Of fighs and smiles
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie ;
 Turn away ' your' tempting eyes :
 Shew not me a naked beautie ;
 Those impostures I despise :
 My spirit lothes
 Where gawdy clothes
 And fained othes may love obtaine :
 I love her so
 Whose looke swears No ;
 That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every brest are worne ;
 That may plucke the spotlesse roses
 From their never-touched thorne ?
 I can goe rest
 On her sweet brest,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine :
 Then hold your tongues ;
 Your mermaid songs
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him ;
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
 Whilst ther's noble hills to climbe ?

I

No,

No, no, though clowns
 Are skar'd with frownes,
 I know the best can but disdain ;
 And those I'll prove ;
 So shall your love
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
 Where each lustfull lad may woe ;
 Give me her, whose fun-like beautie
 Buzzards dare not soare unto :
 Shee, shee it is
 Affords that blisse
 For which I would refuse no paine ;
 But such as you,
 Fond fooles, adieu ;
 You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
 Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
 Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am prooffe against your charmes :
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart, that constant shall remaine ;
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vaine.

AUTUMN.



A U T U M N.

BY MR. BRERWOOD.

TH^O' the seasons must alter, ah! yet let me find
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still cheerful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches, and shade;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
 In our orchard surrounded with pales:
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
 Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly strole o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
 To collect what kind Nature has sent !
 Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake ;
 But, O ! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
 Let us silently sit at our ease,
 And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
 Struggles hard to procure its release.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest home,
 And the corn's all got into the house ;
 When the long wish'd for time of their meeting is come,
 To frolic, and feast, and carouse :

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
 And are leaving the branches all bare,
 Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
 Or else blown to and fro in the air :

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might seem,
 And the axle-tree's ready to break ;
 While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
 And then claps the poor jades on the neck :

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
Or the fearful young covey beset ;
Which, tho' skulking in stubble and weeds on the grounds,
Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
With their grand entertainments at courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on stiles,
Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
And 'tis very well known by his grin, and her smiles,
What they both have a mind to be at ;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
Let our mutual endearments revive,
And let no fingle action, or look, but declare,
How contented and happy we live,

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
Let soft music the phantoms remove,
For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
When the lass is preparing for bed ;
And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
Sometimes rouzes and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
 In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
 Which the sunshine and daylight forbids.

{*****}

THE PIN.

BY MR. WOTY.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive Muse
 Her fool's cap wear, spite of the shaking head
 Of stern-eyed Gravity—for, tho' the Muse
 To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants
 Immoral; nor one picture will she hold,
 But Virtue may approve it with a smile.
 Ye sylvan deities! awhile adieu!
 Ye curling streams! whose banks are fring'd with flowers,
 Violet and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
 Farewell! for I must leave your rich perfumes
 To sing the Pin in ever sounding lays:
 But not that Pin, at whose circumference
 Rotund, the strong-nerv'd rustic hurls the bowl
 Ponderous and vast: nor that which window bars
 From thief nocturnal: nor that other call'd
 A skittle; chiefly found where alehouse snug

Invites

Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
 Of Calvert's mild, o'er-canopied with froth.
 No—'tis the Pin so much by ladies us'd ;
 Without whose aid the nymph of nicest taste,
 Of neatest mould, a flattern would appear.
 Hail then, thou little useful instrument !
 Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee
 Beauty sets off her charms, as at the glass
 Lucy, or Phillis, best adapts thy point.
 Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
 Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
 Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
 The kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
 With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
 How would the sempstress trim thy want regret
 As she her apron forms ! And how the man
 Of law, sagacious, with his spectacles
 On nose reverted ! frequent does he want
 Thy prompt assistance, to connect his scraps
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street,
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
 Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe,
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
 Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen
 With points almost as various as thy heads.

Where-e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
 Or wire more humble, nightly may'st thou lie
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks
 Of Chloe, sleeping on the pillow's down.



A PRESENT, TO A YOUNG LADY.
 WITH A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

BY —, FELLOW OF — CAMBRIDGE.

TO please the Fair, what different ways
 Each lover acts his part;
 One tender snuff, another praise,
 A toothpick, or a heart!

Alike they all, to gain their end,
 Peculiar arts disclose;
 While I, submissive, only send
 An humble pair of hose.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,
 The snowy limbs that wear 'em,
 And kindly lend their influence warm
 To ev'ry thing that's near 'em.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
 Nor move your indignation,
 If I a little partial seem'd
 In gifts or commendation:

Each

Each fair perfection to display
 Would far exceed my charter,
 My humble Muse must never stray
 Above the knee or garter.

And who did e'er a subject view
 So worthy to be prais'd,
 Or from so fair foundation knew
 So fine a structure rais'd ?

Thou learned leach, sage Kember, say,
 (In spite of drugs and plaisters)
 You who can talk the live-long day
 Of buildings and pilasters :

You who for hours have rov'd about
 Thro' halls and colonades,
 And scarce would deign to tread on aught
 But arches and arcades :

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,
 Two nobler pillars view ?
 What yielding marble ere was found
 So exquisitely true ?

The swelling dome, with stately show,
 May many fancies please,
 I view content what lies below
 The cornice of the frieze ;

The

The lovely twins, so white, so round,
 That bear the noble pile,
 Must soon proceed from Venus' mound,
 Or from Cythera's isle.

Propitious Fates, preserve them safe,
 And keep them close together,
 And grant they may the malice brave
 Of man as well as weather.

From luckless love, or rancour base,
 May never harm attend 'em,
 And grant, whatever be the case,
 That I may still defend 'em.

By gentle, generous love, 'tis true,
 They never can miscarry,
 No ill can come, no loss ensue,
 From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat
 Precipitate invade,
 Believe me, Bell, they then may need
 Some seasonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand
 From every harm to screen 'em,
 Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,
 And live, or die between 'em.



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET
AND HIS SERVANT.

BY THE LATE MR. CHRIST. PITT,

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their masters habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir, 'tis I,

No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for ever,
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.

Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.

So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jest,
Now some innholder's, now a monarch's guest;
His life and politics of every shape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.

The

The gout in every limb from every vice
 Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
 Some wench for ever ; and their sins on those,
 By custom, fit as easy as their cloaths.
 Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
 And in that point are madder than the devil :
 For they——

P. To what will these wild maxims tend ?
 And where, sweet fir, will your reflections end ?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave ? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
 But, without business, you're again in town.
 If none invite you, fir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home ;
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the door,
 With “ Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
 “ To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
 “ Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites,”
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,
 “ And where, you rascal, are the spurs,” you cry ;
 “ And O ! what blockhead laid the buskins by ?”

* The seat of John Pitt, Esq; in Dorsetshire.

On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath;
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death:
 Wildly thro' Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back:
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating, and I take my glass:
 But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.
 All this is bare refining on a name,
 To make a difference where the fault's the same.

My father sold me to your service here,
 For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
 A livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
 You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
 Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,
 A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who,

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wife, honest man, and only he :
 All else are slaves alike, the world around,
 Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground :
 He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
 And (greater still) is master of himself :
 Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the interests of the world :
 And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
 He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul ;
 In every turn of fortune still the same,
 As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame :
 Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
 He sees the darts of envy glance aside ;
 And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
 And yet the honour of your blood and name.
 If you can such a character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
 More than myself, to see two drunkards fight ;
 " Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are mine :
 Your's are " a Connoisseur," or " Deep Divine."
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
 The sacred prize of learning, worth, and wit :
 And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy ;
 Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury ?
 I'm chid, 'tis true ; but then I pawn no plate,
 I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out
 With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
 By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
 And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
 To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
 And like all company, except your own.
 You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme;
 Why?—but to banish thought, and murder time:
 And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,
 Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone,—

S. For what?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun:

I'll shoot the dog.

S. Lord! who would be a wit?

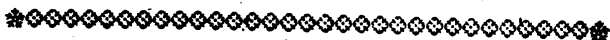
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork;

For once I'll set your lazy bones to work:

Fly, or I'll send you back, without a groat,

To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.



THE RECANTATION.

A N O D E.

BY love too long depriv'd of rest,
 (Fell tyrant of the human breast!)

His vassal long, and worn with pain,

Indignant late I spurn'd the chain;

In verse, in prose, I sung and swore

No charms should e'er enslave me more,

Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,

Again should force one tender sigh.

As;

As, taught by heav'n's informing power,
 From every fruit and every flower
 That nature opens to the view,
 The bee extracts the nectar-dew ;
 A vagrant thus, and free to change
 From fair to fair, I vow'd to range,
 And part from each without regret
 As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
 With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,
 And every night and every day
 My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay :
 " My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
 " My breast regains its wonted peace,
 " And joy and hope returning prove,
 " That Reason is too strong for Love."

Such was my boast—but, ah ! how vain !
 How short was Reason's vaunted reign !
 The firm resolve I form'd ere-while
 How weak oppos'd to Clara's smile !
 Chang'd is the strain—The vallies round
 With Freedom's praise no more resound,
 But every night and every day
 My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whose power
 My rebel tongue but now forswore,
 Accept my penitence sincere,
 My crime forgive, and grant my prayer !

Let

Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
 With unrequited passion burn ;
 With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
 And kindle there an equal fire !

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
 (The empty triumph of an hour)
 Nor practis'd wiles of female art
 That now subdue my destin'd heart :
 O no !—'Tis heav'n, whose wondrous hand
 A transcript of itself hath plann'd,
 And to each outward grace hath join'd
 Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
 When roses fade, and lilies die ;
 When that dear eye's declining beam
 Its living fire no more shall stream :
 Blest then, and happy in my chain,
 The song of Freedom flows in vain ;
 Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
 For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
 My daily thought, my nightly dream,
 If yet no youth's successful art
 (Sweet hope !) hath touch'd the gentle heart,
 If yet no swain hath blest'd thy choice,
 Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice ;
 From doubts, from fears his bosom free,
 And bid him live—for love and thee !



V E R S E S

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS
IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING TO
RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPT. MDCCCLX.

***Y**E green-hair'd nymphs ! whom Pan allows
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
That soothe the warm poetic dream ;
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroll'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass ;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour ;
If e'er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain ;
From every flowret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From these moss'd elms, where prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer !
O banish from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,

* A line of Mr. Mason's.

The

The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
 And harsh rejects the honest vow :
 The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain :
 The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for every heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chase
 Alike the worthy and the base :
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
 But far, O ! banish'd far be they,

Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away,
 The tear that swells the widow's eye ;
 Th' unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,
 At others bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys ;
 Ye fairies, cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground !

But welcome all, who fight with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 Sweet union of the willing mind !

Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly fold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold :
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
 The chosen few, the worthy train,
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
 Still tread where virtue marks the way ;
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
 No deed, which honour might not own ;
 Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,

In others bliss can claim a part,
 And, in life's brightest hour, can share
 Each pang that wrings another's heart :
 Ye guardian sprites, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free !
 Clear be the sky from clouds or showers !
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers !

And that the youth, whose pious care
 Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
 May, with the rest, admittance gain,
 And visit oft this pleasant scene :
 Let all who love the Muse attend !
 Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend.

Such then alone may venture here,
 Who, free from guilt, are free from fear,
 Whose wide affections can embrace
 The whole extent of human race ;
 Whom Virtue and her friends approve ;
 Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

SONG.



S O N G.

SWEET are the banks, when spring perfumes
 The verdant plants; and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers.
 Sweet is the soft, the funny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange-grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses! blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air;
 Ye lilies chaste! with silver heads
 As my Cleora's bosom fair:
 No more I court your balmy sweets;
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.



THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLVI.

AS late o'er Britain's chalky coasts
 The Genius of the island flew,
 The venal swarm of foreign hosts
 Inglorious basking in his view,
 Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,
 And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the lightning of his spear
 Which blasted France on Creffy's field,
 He wheel'd the blazen sword in air,
 And on his shonlders spread the shield,
 As when, o'er Agincourt's blood-purple'd lands,
 Pale Terror stalk'd thro' all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,
 Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,
 Sudden the tears of anguish flow,
 For fore he felt th' indignity;
 Discordant passions shook his heavenly frame,
 Now Horrors damp, now Indignations flame.

Ah!

Ah! what avails, he cried, the blood
 Shed by each patriot band of yore,
 When Freedom's unpaid legions stood
 Protectors of this sea-girt shore,
 When antient Wisdom deem'd each British sword
 From hostile power could guard its valiant lord.

What tho' the Danish raven spread
 Awhile his wings o'er English ground,
 The bird of prey funeral fled
 When Alfred call'd his peers around,
 Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
 Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

Alfred on natives could depend,
 And scorn'd a foreign force t'employ,
 He thought, who dar'd not to defend
 Were never worthy to enjoy;
 The realm's and monarch's interest deem'd but one,
 And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

What tho' weak John's divided reign
 The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
 When Henry's barons join'd again,
 Those feather'd warriors left the shore;
 Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends,
 The Lion's safety on himself depends.

Reflect on Edward's glorious name ;
 On my fifth Henry's martial deeds ;
 Think on those peers of deathless fame,
 Who met their king on Thames's meads,
 When sovereign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,
 That heaven created man for liberty.

Tho' Rome's fell star malignant shone,
 When good Eliza rul'd this state,
 On English hearts she plac'd her throne,
 And in their happiness her fate,
 While blacker than the tempests of the North,
 The papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
 At great Augusta's regal feet,
 Bearing on each returning tide
 From distant realms a golden fleet,
 Which homeward wafts the fruits of every zone,
 And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his silver waves be borne
 Of armed slaves a venal crew ?
 Lo! the old God denotes his scorn,
 And shudders at th' unusual view,
 Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,
 And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

O! how

O! how can vassals, born to bear
 The galling weight of Slavery's chain,
 A patriot's noble ardor share,
 Or Freedom's sacred cause maintain?
 Britons, exert your own unconquer'd might,
 A Freeman best defends a Freeman's right.

Look back on every deathless deed
 For which your fires recorded stand;
 To battle let your nobles lead
 The sons of toil, a hardy band;
 The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,
 And war's green wreaths the shepherd's front adorn.

But see! upon his utmost shores
 America's sad Genius lies,
 Each wasted province he deplores,
 And casts on me his languid eyes,
 Blest'd with heav'n's favourite ordinance I fly
 To raise the oppress'd, and humble tyranny.

This said, the Vision westward fled,
 His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
 The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,
 And Justice drove his airy car;
 Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,
 And Plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

PETRARCH



P E T R A R C H A N D L A U R A .

A N E P I G R A M M A T I C T A L E .

DAN Petrarch of old, it has often been said,
 By some Cardinal urg'd, his fair Laura to wed,
 With an offer of fortune (and well-tim'd it was,
 For Poets have seldom much rent for Parnass')
 Cried, my lord, you'll excuse me, but I have a reason
 Why even this offer becomes out of season ;
 I've a new book of sonnets just ripe for the press,
 Upon the same plan as the last, you may guess ;
 I have there, all along, made my Laura a goddess,
 And Venus, to please me, has lent her the boddice ;
 While Hebe, Minerva, and twenty to boot,
 With gifts all celestial have trick'd me her out.
 Now marriage, my lord, the whole charm would destroy,
 And hurl her divinity quite from the sky,
 To my cost I should find her no more than a woman,
 And my sonnets, alas ! would gain credit with no man.





TO W I N T E R.

BY MR. WOTY.

WHAT! tho' thou com'st in fable mantle clad,
 Yet, Winter! art thou welcome to my eye:
 Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
 And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

But shall I then so soon forget the days
 When Ceres led me thro' her wheaten mines!
 When autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny hand,
 Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines!

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole
 I saw ascend the silver-bearded hop!
 When Summer, waving high her crown of hay,
 Pour'd o'er the mead her odoriferous crop!

I must forget them—and thee too, O Spring!
 Tho' many a chaplet thou hast weav'd for me:
 For, now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scenes,
 Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee.

Hail

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms !
 Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face :
 Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth !
 Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

How fickle over is the face of things !
 Where is the spice kiss of the southern gale !
 Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the thorn,
 The mountain flower, and lily of the vale !

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,
 And view the trees disrob'd of every leaf,
 The velvet path grown rough with clotting showers,
 And every field depriv'd of every sheaf !

How far more gloomy o'er the rain-beat heath
 Alone to travel in the dead of night !
 No twinkling star to gild the arch of heaven,
 No moon to lend her temporary light :

To see the lightning spread its ample sheet,
 Discern the wild waste thro' its liquid fire,
 To hear the thunder rend the troubled air,
 As time itself and nature would expire :

And yet, O Winter ! has thy poet seen
 Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring,
 Has felt, with comfort felt, the beam of heaven,
 And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands ring.

What

What time the sun with burnish'd locks arose,
 The long loft charms of nature to renew,
 When purls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,
 And tree-tops floated in the silver dew.

Father of heaven and earth ! this change is thine :
 By thee the Seasons in gradation roll,
 Thou great omniscient Ruler of the world !
 Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole !

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee !
 'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise,
 Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land ;
 Thine to receive the incense of our praise.

Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,
 With thee for ever does the symbol live ;
 Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,
 Thou ask'st no more than he has power to give.



AN EPISTLE OF M. DE VOLTAIRE,
UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT HIS ESTATE NEAR
THE LAKE OF GENEVA, IN MARCH
M DCC LV.

FROM THE FRENCH.

O Take, O keep me, ever blest domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns ;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verse aspires ;
Take me, the world with transport I resign,
And let your peaceful solitude be mine !

Yet not in these retreats I boast to find
That perfect bliss that leaves no wish behind ;
This, to no lonely shade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art bestows on courtiers, or on kings ;
Not ev'n the Sage this boon has e'er possess'd,
Tho' join'd with wisdom, virtue shar'd his breast ;
This transient life, alas ! can ne'er suffice
To reach the distant goal, and snatch the prize ;
Yet, sooth'd to rest, we feel suspense from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.

Enchanting scenes ! what pleasure you dispense,
Where'er I turn, to every wondering sense !
An* ocean here, where no rude tempest roars,
With crystal waters laves the hallow'd shores ;

* The lake of Geneva.

Here

Here flowery fields with rising hills are crown'd,
 Where clustering vines empurple all the ground :
 Now by degrees from hills to Alps they rise,
 Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the skies !
 See the proud summit, white with endless frost,
 Eternal bulwark of the blissful coast !
 The blissful coast the hardy Lombards gain,
 And frost and mountains cross their course in vain ;
 Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
 And planted laurels to reward the bold ;
 Charles, Otho, Conti heard her trumpet sound,
 And, borne on victory's wings, they spurn'd the mound.

See, on those banks where yon calm waters swell,
 The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell !
 See fam'd Ripaille, where once so grave, so gay,
 Great Amedeus † pass'd from prayer to play :
 Fantastic wretch ! thou riddle of thy kind !
 What strange ambition seiz'd thy frantic mind ?
 Prince, hermit, lover ! blest thro' every hour
 With blissful change of pleasure and of power,
 Couldst thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
 Rush to the world, and fight for Peter's boat ?

† Amedeus the Pacific, first duke of Savoy, in 1434 retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and suffered his beard to grow to an enormous length ; but he kept a mistress in his cell ; and in other respects lived in great luxury ; yet he joined with a faction against Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the see of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards resigned at the request of Charles VII. king of France.

Now

Now by the Gods of sweet repose I swear,
 I would not thus have barter'd ease for care,
 Spight of the keys that move our fear and hope,
 I ne'er would quit such penance to be Pope.

Let him who Rome's stern tyrant stoop'd to praise,
 The tuneful chanter of sweet georgic lays,
 Let Maro boast of streams that Nature pours
 To lave proud villas on Italia's shores ;
 Superior far the streams that court my song,
 Superior far the shores they wind along :
 Blest shores ! the dwelling of that sacred power
 Who rules each joyful, and each glorious hour,
 Queen of whate'er the good or great desire,
 The patriot's eloquence, the hero's fire, ♦
 Shrin'd in each breast, and near the tyrant's sword
 Invok'd in whispers, and in sighs ador'd,
 Immortal Liberty, whose generous mind
 With all her gifts would bless all human-kind !
 See, from Morat * she comes in martial charms,
 And shines like Pallas in celestial arms,
 Her sword the blood of boastful Austria stains,
 And Charles, who threaten'd with opprobrious chains.

Now hostile crowds Geneva's towers assail,
 They march in secret, and by night they scale ;

* Morat is a little town in the canton of Fribourgh in Switzerland, famous for a battle which the Switzers gained against Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy, by which they recovered and established their liberty. Charles himself was wounded, and left 18,000 Austrians dead on the spot.

The Goddess comes—they vanish from the wall,
 Their lances shiver, and their heroes fall :
 For fraud 'can ne'er elude, nor force withstand
 The stroke of Liberty's victorious hand *.

She smiles ; her smiles perpetual joys diffuse ;
 A shouting nation where she turns pursues ;
 Their heart-felt Pæans thunder to the sky,
 And echoing Appenines from far reply :
 Such wreaths their temples crown as Greece entwin'd
 Her hero's brows at Marathon † to bind ;
 Such wreaths the sons of freedom hold more dear
 Than circling gold and gems that crown the peer ;
 Than the broad hat which shades the Pontiff's face,
 Or the cleft mitre's venerable grace.
 Insulting grandeur, in gay tinsel drest.
 Shows here no star embroider'd on the breast,
 No tissued ribbon on the shoulder tied,
 Vain gift implor'd by Vanity from Pride !
 Nor here stern Wealth, with supercilious eyes,
 The faltering prayer of weeping want denies ;
 Here no false Pride at honest labour sneers,
 Men here are brothers, equal but in years ;

* The duke of Savoy once attempted to surprise Geneva, and take it in the night by escalade, but the first man that mounted the wall was discovered by a woman, who courageously knocked him down, and alarmed the Genevese, who drove off the assailants, and sallying after them, made a great slaughter.

† At Marathon, Miltiades, with 10,000 Athenians, defeated an army of more than 100,000 Persians, and delivered his country from a foreign yoke.

Here heaven, O Liberty! has fix'd thy throne,
Fill'd, glorious Liberty! by thee alone.

Rome sees thy face, since Brutus fell, no more,
A stranger thou on many a cultur'd shore;
The Polish lord, of thy embraces vain,
Pricks his proud courser o'er Sarmatia's plain;
Erects his haughty front in martial pride,
And spurns the burgher, grovelling at his side;
The grovelling burgher burns with secret fires,
Looks up, beholds thee, sighs, despairs, expires.

Britain's rough sons in thy defence are bold,
Yet some pretend at London thou art fold;
I heed them not, to sell too proud, too wise,
If blood must buy, with blood the Briton buys.

On Belgic bogs, 'tis said, thy footsteps fail,
But thou secure may'st scorn the whisper'd tale;
To latest times the race of great Nassau,
Who rais'd seven altars* to thy sacred law,
With faithful hand thy honours shall defend,
And bid proud factions to thy fasces bend.

Thee Venice keeps, thee Genoa now regains;
And next the throne thy feat the Swede maintains;
How few in safety thus with kings can vie!
If not supreme, how dangerous to be high!
O! still preside where'er the law's thy friend,
And keep thy station, and thy rights defend:
But take no factious League's† reproachful name,
Still prone to change, and zealous still to blame,

* The Union of the Seven Provinces.

† The author alludes to the famous League formed against Henry of France.

Cloud not the sunshine of a conquering race,
 Whom wisdom governs, and whom manners grace;
 Fond of their sovereign, of subjection vain,
 They wish no favours at thy hands to gain,
 Nor need such vassals at their lord repine,
 Whose easy sway they fondly take for thine.

Thro' the wide East less gentle is thy fate,
 Where the dumb murderer guards the sultan's gate;
 Here pale and trembling, in the dust o'erturn'd,
 With chains dishonour'd, and by eunuchs spurn'd,
 The sword and bow-string plac'd on either side
 Thou mourn'st, while slaves of life and death decide.

Spoil'd of thy cap thro' all the bright Levant
 Tell * gave thee his, and well supply'd the want,
 O! come my Goddess, in thy chosen hour,
 And let my better fortune hail thy power;
 Fair friendship calls thee to my green retreat,
 O! come, with friendship, share the mossy seat:
 Like thee she flies the turbulent and great,
 The craft of business, and the farce of state;
 To you, propitious powers, at last I turn,
 To you my vows ascend, my altars burn;
 Let me of each the pleasing influence share,
 My joys now heighten'd, and now sooth'd my care;
 Each ruder passion banish'd from my breast,
 Bid the short remnant of my days be blest.

* William Tell was the means of restoring liberty and independence to Switzerland by killing Griser, the tyrant who governed it for the emperor Albert.



THE WINTER'S WALK.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise,
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd,
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope and fond desire
 Resign the heart to spleen and care,
 Scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.



EPITAPH ON CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS.

BY THE SAME.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guiltless power or hapless love,
 Rest here oppress'd by poverty no more,
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before:
 Rest undisturb'd within this humble shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.



THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO LORD CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
 The counsels lab'ring in thy patriot soul,
 Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
 And thy keen glance extends from pole to pole:

O Chatham! nurs'd in antient virtue's lore,
 To these sad strains incline a fav'ring ear;
 Think on the God whom thou and I adore,
 Nor turn unpitying from *the Poor Man's Prayer*.

Ah me! how blest was once a peasant's life,
 No lawless passion swell'd my even breast;
 Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
 Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty painful pleasures rov'd;
 But taught by nature and by choice to wed,
 From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
 With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
 My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
 In youth or age, in pain or pleasure's hour,
 The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
 When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
 Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
 Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

The careful matron heap'd the maple board
 With savory herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
 From such plain food as nature could afford,
 Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art:

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
 Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
 And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
 The little history of their idle day.

But

But ah ! how chang'd the scene ! on the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale Famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
Still fights for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife, with ever-streaming eyes,
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head !
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie ;
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain, with visage frow
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
And arm'd with cruel law's coercive power
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
In riot's orgies or in idle ease ;
Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fate, and constant was my toil ;
Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature, with a niggard hand,
 With-holds her gifts from these once favour'd plains ?
 Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
 Sent dearth and famine to her lab'ring swains ?

Ah, no ; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn ;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd foil
 In autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes ?

What profits if at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
 If still the griping cormorants with-hold
 The fruits which rain and genial seasons send ?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey ;
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away ?

In every port the vessels ride secure,
 That waft our harvest to a foreign shore ;
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous Chatham ! stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with outstretch'd arm thy Britons save :
 Th' unheeding crew but waits for fav'ring gales,
 O stop them ere they stem Italia's wave !

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
 'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath ;
 O deem not little of our cruel need,
 O haste to help us, for delay is death !

So may nor spleen nor envy blast thy name,
 Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride ;
 Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
 Unstung by folly, vanity, or pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
 And glowing health support thy active soul ;
 With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
 Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
 The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn ;
 And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
 The poor shall bless the day when *Pitt* was born.

AN EPI TAPH.

WRITTEN BY MR. CALEB SMITH UPON HIS WIFE.

IF beauty's fairest form, and each bright charm,
That with soft love th' enamour'd soul does warm ;
If sprightly fancy with sound judgment join'd ;
Good nature, sweet deportment, sense refin'd ;
And what we highest prize,—a virtuous mind :
If conduct blameless, and unblemish'd life,
In every state of virgin, widow, wife ;
Amidst a world of follies, flatteries, cares, and strife ;
If nicest honour, spotless purity,
Firm faith, fair hope, and boundless charity ;
Unerring prudence, strict regard to truth ;
And deathless fame acquir'd in bloom of youth ;
If these, or any grace, had power to save
The best of wives and women from the grave :
If all men's wishes, and the husband's pray'r ;
The force of drugs, or wise physician's care,
Cou'd respite righteous heaven's severe decree,
To rend a blessing from the world and me ;
Then, rueful Pancras, none had ever read
Maria's honour'd name among the dead.

Aug. 19, 1747.

15

To



TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

BY THOMAS TICKELL, Esq.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
 The long list of the graces his godship possess'd:
 I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays:
 I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest—in vain;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
 Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
 God of light I'm above, and of physic below:
 At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast;
 At the fatal word physic, she doubled her haste.
 Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIS
JOURNEY TO IRELAND.

TO MR. JOHN ELLIS.

BY THE LATE MOSES MENDES, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, July 5, 1744.

BY the lyre of Apollo, the locks of the Muses,
And the pure lucid stream Aganippe produces,
My Ellis, I love thee, then pay me in kind,
Let the thought of a friend never slip from your mind;
So may fancy and judgment together combine,
And the bosom be fill'd with an ardor divine;
That thy brows may the laurel with justice still claim,
And the Temple of liberty mount thee to fame.

If it e'er can give pleasure to know my career,
When proud London I left with intentions so queer,
Accept it in verse. On the very first day
When the queen of warm passions precedes the fair May,
When, so custom prescribes, and to follow old rules,
One half of mankind makes the other half fools;

From

From the town I first breath'd in, I fally'd in haste
 Thro' Highgate and Finchley, and Barnet I pass'd :
 At St. Alban's I din'd with a laughing gay crew,
 Not complete was the set without Tucker and you.
 Where the * Eighth of our Harries deserted his mate,
 And procur'd a full sentence against his old Kate,
 Our brisk company supp'd, while our wine gave a spring,
 And tho' at the Crown, we ne'er thought of the King,
 The morrow succeeding I got from my bed,
 As a sheet all the roads were with snows overspread ;
 But the gods, who will never abandon a poet,
 As oft has been said, condescended to show it,
 In a coach and six horses the storm I defy'd ;
 And, left by my friends, thro' the tempest I ride.
 Newport-Pannel receiv'd me, and gave me a dinner,
 And a bed at Northampton was press'd by a finner :
 No signs of fair weather, the West Chester coach
 At nine the next morning, a welcome approach,
 Presents fresh example ; I travell'd all day,
 At Crick eat my dinner, at Coventry lay ;
 I tremble whene'er I reflect on the roads
 That lead to those dirty worm-eaten abodes,
 Where a † woman rode naked their taxes to clear,
 And a taylor for peeping paid damnably dear ;
 For ‡ two parliaments fam'd, which intail a disgrace,
 And have left their foul manners to poison the place.

* Dunstable.

† Lady Godiva.

‡ A parliament was held here in the reign of Henry IV. called *Parliamentum Indolentum*, another in Henry VI. called *Diabolicum*.

Next morning the sun, with a face of red hue,
 Had clear'd up th' expanse, and array'd it in blue,
 When I left the vile town, 'gainst which ever I'll rail,
 While * Meriden offers no humble regale ;
 But near Mixal Park din'd at house of mean fame,
 And at night to the † field of slain carcasses came ;
 Tho' full old are thy tow'rs, yet receive my just praise,
 May the ale be recorded, and live in my lays :
 Thy Gothic cathedral new homage still claims,
 Nor refuse I thy due, tho' repair'd by king James ‡.
 I forgot to advise you, the sky being clear,
 'Twas at Coventry first I ascended my chair,
 But, alas, on the morrow, how dismal the fight !
 For the day had assum'd all the horrors of night,
 The clouds their gay visage had chang'd to a frown,
 And in a white mantle cloath'd Litchfield's old town ;
 But at noon all was o'er, when intrepid and bold
 As a train-band commander, or Falstaff of old,
 And proudly defying the wind and the snow,
 When the danger was pass'd, I determin'd to go.
 At Stone I repos'd, but at Ousley I din'd,
 When our reck'ning was cheap and the landlord was kind :
 Next morning we fall'd, and Staffordshire lost ;
 But not ill entertain'd by a Cestrian host.
 On the banks of the Wever, at Namptwich, renown'd
 For an excellent brine pit, our dinner we found ;

* Meriden is famous for ale.

† *Campus Cadaverum* was the ancient name for Litchfield,
 on account of a prosecution there in the days of Dioclesian.

‡ King James II.

The

The wine was not bad, tho' the ale did displease,
 An an unctuous desert was serv'd up of old cheese;
 But as time will not tarry, our course we resume,
 And * St. George's dragoons take their seats in our room:
 So travelling onwards with pleasure we see
 Old Caerleon so famous o'er looking the Dee;
 Four days there we rested, and blithsome and gay
 Forgot the bad weather we met on the way;
 Then old Chester, farewell, till I see thee again,
 And can stroll thro' thy streets † without dreading the rain;
 May thy river ‡ still swell, better pleas'd with his charge
 Than when Edgar was row'd by eight kings in his barge;
 Be the maidens all virtuous who drink of thy tide,
 And each virgin in bloom be affianc'd a bride;
 May the heart and the hand at the altar be join'd,
 And no matron complain that a husband's unkind;
 Let their bounty to strangers resound in each song,
 Be § Barnstone their copy, they cannot go wrong.

O'er the cuts of the river our tract we pursue,
 And old Flint in the prospect now rises to view;
 How strange to behold, here our language is fled,
 To converse with these people's to talk to the dead;

* General St. George's dragoons were marching up to London, and a party of them just came in when we were leaving it.

† The streets of Chester have shops on each side covered over, which if not beautiful to the eye, at least preserve one from the rain.

‡ People are now employed to make the river Dee navigable up to the town.

§ Robert Barnstone, Esq; who used me with the utmost hospitality.

And

And a Turk or Chinese is as well understood
 By these Roisters, who boast of Cadwalladar's blood,
 As an Englishman here, who is certainly undone
 If he thinks to make use of the language of London.
 From Flint we depart with our landlord and guide,
 Who shew'd us that kindness which courts never try'd,
 The castle where * Richard his grandeur laid down,
 And betray'd his own life by surrend'ring the crown:
 Now the † well we survey, where ‡ a virgin of old
 To all flame but religion's was lifeless and cold,
 When in vain princely Cradoc had offer'd his bed,
 The merciless heathen e'en chopp'd off her head:
 Hence the stones are distain'd with the colour of blood,
 And each cripple is cur'd who will bathe in the flood,
 Thus the rankest absurdity brain can conceive,
 Superstition imposes, and crowds will believe!
 Turn from legends and nonsense to see a gay fight,
 Where the § meadows of Clewyn the senses delight,
 And excuse that I aim not to point out the place,
 Left my numbers too lowly the landscape disgrace;
 At Rhyland we dine, and a castle we view,
 Whose founder I'd name if the founder I knew;
 But our host gives the word, and we hurry away,
 Left the length of the journey outrun the short day;
 Now ascend Penmenrose, oh! beware as you rise,
 What a prospect of horror, what dreadful surprize!

* It was at this place that Richard was prevailed upon to resign the crown.

† Holy-well.

‡ St. Winifred, patroness of Wales.

§ The vale of Clewyn.

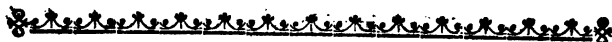
See

See that height more sublime, which no footsteps e'er try'd,
 There the ocean roars loudly, how awful his pride!
 How narrow the path, observe where you tread,
 Nor stumble the feet, nor grow dizzy the head;
 If you slip, not mankind can avert your sad doom,
 Dash against the rough rocks, and the sea for your tomb!
 The danger is past, and now Conway's broad beech,
 Fatigu'd and dismay'd, with great gladness we reach;
 In a leaky old boat we were wafted safe o'er
 (Tho' two drunkards our steerfmen) to th' opposite shore.
 Here the town and the river are both of a name,
 And boast the first Edward, who rais'd her to fame:
 There a supper was order'd, which no one could touch,
 This too little was boil'd, and that roasted too much;
 To his chamber full hungry each pilgrim retreats,
 And forgets his lost meal 'twixt a pair of Welch sheets.
 A castle hard by I with pleasure behold,
 Which Kings had long dwelt in, or giants of old;
 But the daw, and each night-bird, now builds up her nest,
 And with clamours and shrieks the old mansion infest.
 We waken'd at four, and our host left us here,
 As the worst ways were past, so but small was our fear;
 We follow'd our route, and cross'd Penmenmaur's side,
 Where the prudent will walk, but the bolder will ride.
 Still above us old rocks seem to threaten a fall,
 And present to spectators the form of a wall:
 Now Bangor we reach, oh, if e'er thou hadst fame,
 Tho' lawn sleeves thou bestow'st, on my life 'tis a shame;
 There we cross o'er an arm of the sea, and carouse
 On the opposite shore at an excellent house;

Thro' Anglesea's island we rattle our chaise,
 While the goats all in wonder seem on us to gaze;
 For be pleas'd to observe, and with diligence note,
 That 'twas here first in Wales that I met with a goat.
 O'er roads rough and craggy our journey we sped,
 Nor baited again 'till we reach'd Holyhead.

The next day at noon in the Wyndham we sail,
 And the packet danc'd brisk with a prosperous gale.
 We at ten past the * Bar; in the wherry confin'd,
 Which swims on no water, and sails with no wind,
 Till near two we sat cursing, in vain they may row,
 Not a snail is so sluggish, nor tortoise so slow,
 Till a boat took us in, and at length set us down
 At the quay of St. George in St. Patrick's chief town:
 Thence I wrote to my friend, nor believe what those say,
 Or too fond to find fault, or too wantonly gay,
 Who with taunts contumelious this island o'erload,
 As with bogs, and with blunders and nonsense full stow'd;
 For, believe me, they live not unblest'd with good air,
 And their daughters are beauteous, and sons debonair:
 Here tho' Bacchus too often displays his red face,
 Yet Minerva he holds in the strictest embrace;
 Nor the maiden is coy ev'ry charm to resign,
 And the ivy and laurel peep forth from the vine.

Thus I've told you in verse the whole progress I took,
 As true as if sworn in full court on the book,
 Let me know how in London you measure your time,
 'Twill be welcome in prose, but twice welcome in rhyme.



TO MR. S. TUCKER.

BY MR. MENDES.

THE sons of man, by various passions led,
 The paths of bus'ness or of pleasure tread ;
 The florist views his dear carnation rise,
 And wonders who can doat on Flavia's eyes ;
 The lover sees, unmov'd, each gaudy streak,
 And knows no bloom but that on Daphne's cheek :
 While some grow pale o'er Newton, Locke, or Boyle,
 Miss reads romances, and my lady Hoyle ;
 Thus inclination binds her fetters strong,
 And, just as judgment marks, we're right or wrong.

Fair are those hills where sacred laurels grow,
 Rul'd by the pow'r who draws the golden bow ;
 But see how few attain the dang'rous road,
 How few are born to feel th' inspiring god !
 Yet all, to reach the arduous summit try,
 From soaring Pope to reptile Ogleby.
 Among the rest, your friend attempts to climb,
 But ah, how diff'rent pœsy and rhyme !

The mid-night bard, reciting to his bell,
 Who breaks our rest, and tolls the muses knell,
 Is just a poet matchless and divine,
 As he a Raphael, who, on ale-house sign,
 Seats his bold George in attitude so quaint,
 That none can tell the dragon from a saint.

Reckon each sand in wide Newmarket plain,
 Mount yon blue vault, and count the starry train;
 But numbers ne'er can comprehend the throng
 Of retail dealers in the art of song.
 Like summer flies they blot the solar ray,
 And, like their brother insects, live a day.
 Am I not blasted by some friendless star,
 To know my wants, yet wage unequal war?
 I own I am; and dabbling thus in rhyme,
 'Tis folly's bell that rings the pleasing chyme;
 Bit by the bard's tarantula I swell,
 Write off the raging fit, and all is well.

And yet, perhaps, to lose my time this way
 Is better far than some mis-spent the day.
 The fatal dice-box never fill'd my hand,
 By me no orphan weeps his ravish'd land;
 What ward can tax me with a deed unjust?
 What friend upbraids me with a broken trust?
 (Some few except, whom pride and folly blind,
 I found them chaff, and give them to the wind)
 Like a poor bird, and one of meanest wing,
 Around my cage I flutter, hop, and sing.
 Unlike in this my brethren of the bays,
 I sue for pardon, and they hope for praise;
 And when for verse I find my genius warm,
 Like infants sent to school, I keep from harm.
 What time the dog-star with unbating flames
 Cleaves the parch'd earth, and sinks the silver Thames;

While

While the shrill tenant * of the sun-burnt blade,
 (A poet he, and fingering all his trade)
 Tears his small throat, I brave the sultry ray,
 And deep-embower'd, escape the rage of day.
 Thrice blest the man, who, shielded from the beam,
 Sings lays melodious to the sacred stream ;
 Thrice blest'd the stream, who views his banks of flow'rs,
 Crown'd with the Muse's or imperial tow'rs,
 Whose limpid waters as they onwards glide,
 See humble osiers nod, or threat'ning squadrons ride.

Health to my friend, and to his partner, peace,
 A good long life, and moderate increase ;
 May Dulwich garden double treasures share,
 And be both Flora and Pomona's care.
 Ye Walton naiads, guard the fav'rite child,
 Drive off each marsh-born fog ; ye zephyrs mild,
 Fan the dear innocent ; ye fairies, keep
 Your wonted distance, nor disturb his sleep ;
 Nor in the cradle, while your tricks you play,
 The changeling drop, and bear our boy away.
 However chance may chalk his future fate,
 Or doom his manhood to be rich or great,
 Is not our care ; oh, let the guiding pow'r
 Decide that point, who rules the natal hour ;
 Nor shall we seek, for knowledge to enrich,
 The Delphic tripod, or your Norwood witch.

* The grasshopper.

But Tucker doubts, and "if not rich," he cries,
 "How can the boy reward the good and wife?
 Give him but gold, and merit ne'er shall freeze,
 But rise from want to affluence and ease:
 The Guido's touch shall warm his throbbing heart,
 The patriot's bust shall speak the sculptor's art;
 But if from Danae's precious show'r debarr'd,
 The Muse he may admire, but ne'er reward."

All this I grant; but does it follow then,
 That parts have drawn regard from wealthy men?
 Did Gay receive the tribute of the great?
 No, let his tomb be witness of his fate:
 For Milton's days are too long past to strike;
 The rich of all times ever were alike.

See him, whose lines "in a fine frenzy roll,"
 He comes to tear, to harrow up the soul;
 Bear me, ye pow'rs, from his bewitching sprite,
 My eye-balls darken at excess of light;
 How my heart dances to his magic strain,
 Beats my quick pulse, and throbs each bursting vein.
 From Avon's bank with ev'ry garland crown'd,
 'Tis his to rouse, to calm, to cure, to wound;
 To mould the yielding bosom to his will,
 And Shakespear is inimitable still:
 Oppress'd by fortune, all her ills he bore,
 Hear this, ye Muses, and be vain no more.

Nor shall my * Spenser want his share of praise,
 The heav'n-sprung sisters wove the laureat's bays ;
 Yet what avail'd his sweet descriptive pow'r,
 The fairy warrior, or enchanted bow'r ?
 Tho' matchless Sidney doated on the strain,
 Lov'd by the learned † shepherd of the main,
 Observe what meed his latest labours crown'd,
 Belphebe ‡ smil'd not, and stern Burleigh frown'd.
 If still you doubt, consult some well-known friend,
 Let Ellis speak, to him you oft attend,
 Whom truth approves, whom candor calls her own,
 Known by the God, by all the Muses known.
 Where tow'r his hills, where stretch his lengths of vale,
 Say, where his heifers load the smoaky pail ?
 Oh may this grateful verse my debt repay,
 If aught I know, he shew'd the arduous way ;
 Within my bosom fann'd the rising flame,
 Plum'd my young wing, and bade me try for fame.
 Since then I scribbl'd, and must scribble still,
 His word was once a sanction to my will ;
 And I'll persist till he resume the pen,
 Then shrink contented, and ne'er rhyme again.

Yet, ere I take my leave, I have to say,
 That while in sleep my senses wasted lay,

* He was rewarded with lands in Ireland, which he lost in the rebellion of the earl of Desmond. He came over to England to solicit a recovery of them ; but having attended long in vain, finished his days in grief and disappointment.

† Sir Walter Raleigh.

‡ Queen Elizabeth.

The waking soul, which sports in fancy's beam,
 Work'd on my drowsy limbs, and form'd a dream;
 Then to my lines a due attention keep,
 For oft when poets dream, their readers sleep.

On a wide champain, where the surges beat
 Th' extended beach, then suddenly retreat,
 A dismal cottage rear'd its turfy head,
 O'er which a yew her baleful branches spread;
 The owl profane his dreadful dirges sung,
 The passing bell the foul night-raven rung;
 No village cur here bay'd the cloudless moon,
 No golden sunshine cheer'd the hazy noon,
 But ghosts of men by love of gold betray'd,
 In silence glided thro' the dreary shade.
 There sat pale Grief in melancholy state,
 And brooding Care was trusted with the gate,
 Within, extended on the cheerless ground,
 An old man lay in golden fillet bound;
 Rough was his beard, and matted was his hair,
 His eyes were fiery red, his shoulders bare;
 Down furrow'd cheeks hot tears had worn their way,
 And his broad scalp was thinly strewn'd with grey!
 A weighty ingot in his hand he prest,
 Nor seem'd to feel the viper at his breast.

Around the caitif, glorious to behold,
 Lay minted coinage, and historic gold*;
 High sculptur'd urns in bright confusion stood,
 And streams of silver form'd a precious flood.

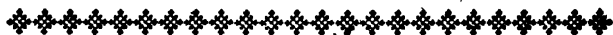
* Medals.

On

On nails, suspended rows of pearls were seen,
Not such the pendants of th' Ægyptian queen,
Who (joy luxurious swelling all her soul)
Quaff'd the vast price of empires in her bowl.

As seas voracious swallow up the land,
As raging flames eternal food demand,
So this vile wretch, unblest'd with all his store,
Repin'd in plenty, and grew sick for more;
Nor shall we wonder when his name I tell,
'Twas Avarice, the eldest born of hell.

But, hark! what noise breaks in upon my tale,
Be hush'd each sound, and whisper ev'ry gale;
Ye croaking rooks your noisy flight suspend,
Guess'd I not right how all my toil would end?
My heavy rhymes have jaded Tucker quite;
He yawns—he nods—he snores. Good night, good night.



ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.D.CC.XL.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wint'ry goal attains,
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his golden reins.

Prone

Prone on Potofi's haughty brow
 His fiery streams incessant flow,
 Ripening the silver's ductile stores ;
 While, in the cavern's horrid shade,
 The panting Indian hides his head,
 And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
 How faint the light ! how thick the air !
 Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
 Fierce winter desolates the year.
 The fields resign their chearful bloom :
 No more the breezes waft perfume ;
 No more the warbling waters roll :
 Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
 Black storms involve the louring sky,
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire ;
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,
 To charm the midnight hours conspire,
 While mute and shrinking with her fears,
 Each blast the cottage-matron hears,
 As o'er the hearth she sits alone :
 At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
 The night is dark, and deep the road ;
 She sighs, and wishes him at home.

But

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray ;
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.
 Then louder howl the stormy waste,
 Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing ;
 And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
 All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
 Already hails th' emerging spring.

② fountain of the golden day !
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 That now fermenting loads the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume on nature and her laws ;
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the sovereign cause ;
 Secure that health and beauty springs,
 Thro' this majestic frame of things,

Beyond

Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
With good, the progeny of ill,
Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead !
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful courts to tread
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
With every laurel fresh display'd ;
While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
Or bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
Bids leave the studious page awhile,
Then easier joys the soul unbend,
And teach the brow a softer smile ;
Then while the genial glass is paid
By each to her, that fairest maid,
Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
What lucky vows his bosom warm !
While absence heightens every charm,
And love invokes returning May.

May ! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
When will thy happy morn arise ?
When the dear place which gave her birth
Restore Lucinda to my eyes ?

There

There while she walks the wonted grove,
 The seat of music and of love,
 Bright as the one primæval fair,
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Thither, gay smiles and young desires,
 Chaste hope and mutual faith, repair.

And if believing love can read
 The wonted softness in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid !
 And every pain of absence die ;
 Then oftner to thy name attun'd,
 And rising to diviner sound,
 I'll wake the free Horatian song :
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.



THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

BY MR. MOORE.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd ?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride ?
 How ill that dress adorns your head,
 Distain'd, and rumpled, from the bed !
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
 A little water might displace,

As

As Nature, ev'ry morn, bestows
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose :
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deckt.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?
Pray, madam, are you married ? Yes.
Nay, then, indeed, the wonder ceases ;
No matter, then, how loose your dress is ;
'The end is won, your fortune's made ;
Your sister, now, may take the trade.

Alas ! what pity 'tis, to find
This fault in half the female kind !
From hence proceed aversion, strife, ;
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart ;
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;
Let neatness, then, and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue ;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen ?
A newer face may raise the flame ;
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study, chiefly, to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love ;
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless ?

Pursue-

Pursue it still ; be neater seen ;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean ;
 So shall you keep alive desire,
 And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
 Apollo and the Muses there ;
 Thro' all the town his praises rung,
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung ;
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
 And with poetic fury fir'd
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.
 A noble youth, of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And fought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
 Behold him at the stately board ;
 Who, but the Poet, and my Lord !
 Each day, deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek ;
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for politics, and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping muse ;
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame ;

Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown;
Whence has the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.



THE WOLF, SHEEP, AND LAMB.

BY THE SAME.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience shewn;
To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;

Hence

Hence virtue sickens, and the breast,
 Where Peace had built her downy nest,
 Becomes the troubled seat of Care,
 And pines with anguish and despair.
 A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
 Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
 Contemplating his ill-spent life,
 And, cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
 His purpose known, the savage race,
 In num'rous crouds, attend the place;
 For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
 And held dominion in his jaws,
 Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
 And, humbly, his alliance sought;
 But cold by age, or else too nice,
 None found acceptance in his eyes.
 It happen'd, as, at early dawn,
 He solitary cross'd the lawn,
 Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb
 Skipp'd wanton, by her fleecy dam;
 When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
 Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
 And, trembling, o'er the meadow flew;
 Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
 And, courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear;
 Trust me, no enemy is near:
 These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
 At length, have known enough of blood;

And kinder business brings me now,
 Vanquish'd, at beauty's foot to bow.
 You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive
 A Wolf's address—In her I live ;
 Love from her eyes like lightning came,
 And set my marrow all on flame ;
 Let your consent confirm my choice,
 And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend ;
 What midnight robber dare invade
 The fold, if I the guard am made ?
 At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
 While I secure his master's sheep.
 Discourse like this attention claim'd ;
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd ;
 Now, fearless by his side she walk'd,
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd ;
 Propos'd, and doubled her demands
 Of flow'ry fields, and turnep-lands,
 The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells ;
 To miss her happy fate she tells ;
 And, of the grand alliance vain,
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,
 And wearies out her dam with pray'rs ;
 But all in vain ; mamma best knew
 What unexperienced girls should do :
 So, to the neighbouring meadow carry'd,
 A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
 The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
 And bleats among the howling race.
 With horror oft her eyes behold
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
 Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,
 And at the glutton's table carv'd;
 The crashing bones he grinds for food,
 And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
 And lodges but in gentle breasts,
 Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
 The savage hunger'd for the feast;
 But (as we find in human race,
 A mask conceals the villain's face)
 Justice must authorize the treat;
 Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
 The hunters met him on the way;
 Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought;
 The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
 His stomach balk'd, now hunger knows;
 Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
 Food must be had——and lamb is nigh;
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.
 Is this (dissembling rage) he cry'd,
 The gentle virtue of a bride?
 That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
 She sets her husband for the chace?

By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
 To scent his footsteps on the ground ?
 Thou trait'refs vile ! for this thy blood
 Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood !

So faying, on the lamb he flies ;
 Beneath his jaws the victim dies.



THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
 Thy fons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
 Thy hofpitable roofs no more
 Invite the franger to the door ;
 In fmoaky ruins funk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner fees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war ;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then fmites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy fwains are famifh'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks :
 Thy ravifh'd virgins fhriek in vain ;
 Thy infants perifh on the plain.

III. The

III.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ;
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend,
 And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow,
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 " Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !"





CÆSAR'S DREAM,

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN.

BY MR. LANGHORNE.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,
And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway;
When, scarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul;
Tir'd Freedom leads her savage sons no more,
But flies, subdu'd, to Albion's utmost shore.

'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping air,
And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;
Divine AMBITION to her votary came:
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;
Her right a regal scepter seem'd to hold,
With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.
And thus, "My Son," the Queen of Glory said;
"Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.
"Shall Night's dull chains the man of counsels bind?
"Or MORPHEUS rule the monarch of mankind?
"See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!
"Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord!
"See yon proud isle, whose mountains meet the sky,
"Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!

" What, tho' by Nature's firmest bars secur'd,
 " By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
 " Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,
 " Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?"

She spoke,—her words the warrior's breast inflame
 With rage indignant, and with conscious shame;
 Already beat, the swelling floods give way,
 And the fell genii of the rocks obey.
 Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,
 And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions stand,
 Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.
 The Hero rose, majestically slow,
 And look'd attention to the crowds below.

' ROMANS and Friends! is there who seeks for rest,
 ' By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress'd;
 ' That respite Cæsar shall with pleasure yield,
 ' Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.
 ' Is there who shrinks at thought of dangers past,
 ' The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—
 ' While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,
 ' Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?
 ' Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore;
 ' He once has toil'd, and Cæsar asks no more.
 ' Is there a Roman, whose unshaken breast
 ' No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depress?

' Who,

- Who, doom'd thro' death's dread ministers to go,
- Dares to chastise the insults of a foe ;
- Let him, his country's glory and her stay,
- With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
- A form divine, in heavenly splendor bright,
- Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,
- With calm severity approach'd and said,
- Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.
- What ! shall a Roman sink in soft repose,
- And tamely see the Britons aid his foes ?
- See them secure the rebel Gaul supply ;
- Spurn his vain eagles, and his power defy ?
- Go ! burst their barriers, obstinately brave ;
- Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."

Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply,
 The voice assenting spoke from every eye ;
 Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,
 Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.



THE EAGLE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

A FABLE*.

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

THE prince of all the feather'd kind,
 That with spread wings outflies the wind,
 And tow'rs far out of human fight
 To view the shining orb of light:
 This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,
 And armed strong for stern debate,
 No tyrant is, but condescends
 Oft-times to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock
 To his high palace on a rock,
 The courtiers of ilk various size
 That swiftly swim in chrystal skies;
 Thither the valiant tarsels doup,
 And here rapacious corbies croup,

* Written before the year 1600.

With greedy gleads, and fly gormahs,
 And dimson pyes, and chattering dawes;
 Proud peacocks, and a hundred mae,
 Brush'd up their pens that solemn day,
 Bow'd first submissive to my lord,
 Then took their places at his board.

Mean time while feasting on a fawn,
 And drinking blood from lamies drawn,
 A tuneful robin trig and young,
 Hard-by upon a burr-tree sung.
 He sang the eagle's royal line,
 His piercing eye, and right divine
 To sway out-owre the feather'd thrang,
 Who dread his martial bill and sang:
 His flight sublime, and eil renew'd,
 His mind with clemency endu'd;
 In softer notes he sang his love,
 More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blithness heard
 The chanting little filvan bard,
 Call'd up a buzzard, who was then
 His favourite and chamberlain.
 Swith to my treasury, quoth he,
 And to yon canty Robin gie
 As muckle of our current gear
 As may maintain him thro' the year;
 We can well spar't, and it's his due:
 He bade, and forth the Judas flew,
 Strait to the branch where Robin sang,
 And with a wicked lying tongue,

Said,

Said, ah! ye sing so dull and rough,
 Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,
 His Majesty has a nice ear,
 And no more of your stuff can bear;
 Poke up your pipes, be no more seen
 At court, I warn you as a frien.

He spake, while Robin's swelling breast
 And drooping wings his grief exprest;
 The tears ran hopping down his cheek,
 Great grew his heart, he could not speak;
 No for the tinsel of reward,
 But that his notes met no regard:
 Strait to the shaw he spread his wing,
 Resolv'd again no more to sing,
 Where princely bounty is supprest
 By such with whom They are opprest;
 Who cannot bear (because they want it)
 That ought should be to merit granted.



THE N U N.

A N E L E G Y.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
 All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek,
 Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,
 Does gay Ophelia this lone mansion seek.

Say,

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
 The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs?
 Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
 And waste in cloyster'd walls thy penfive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
 That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,
 Left thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
 Like minè unblest shou'd mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
 Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
 Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—
 Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base
 (While streams of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,
 And smiling heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)
 Pronounce the vow, thou never can'st repeal.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,
 Who say—"That peace with all her comely train,
 " From starry regions to this clime descends,
 " Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain:

" That vestals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,
 " Approv'd of innocence, by health carest:
 " That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
 " Celestial hope fits smiling at their breast;"

Suspect

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal!
 Full oft does pride with fainted voice beguile,
 And fordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant abbess here perchance may reign,
 Who, fond of pow'r, affects the imperial nod,
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,
 And rules the cloyster with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
 Back-glancing mem'ry acts her busy part,
 Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
 And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest:
 Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
 By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
 Unbought experience learn from my distress,
 O! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
 When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,
 A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
 And (blush, ye parents!) by a father's hand.

Yet

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!

The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along :
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odor shed :
Of meek-eyed novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein :
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And heaven's unfulfilled glories gild the fane.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast,
Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles,
No faint descends to soothe my soul to rest,
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view ;
 The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
 Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I met her ever in the cheerless cell,
 The gloomy grotto and unfocial wood ;
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
 The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
 When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full-well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
 Th' unhappy moments of each future day :
 When lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,
 My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
 This cloyster'd scene in all its horror drest ;
 Nor did she then my trembling steps with-hold
 When here I enter'd reluctant guest.

Ah ! could she view her only child betray'd,
 And let submission o'er her love prevail ?
 Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid ?
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil ?

Alas !

Alas ! she might not—her relentless lord
 Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear;
 So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
 And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou, who own'st a father's sacred name,
 What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed?
 What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
 And giv'n (O blasting thought!) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
 O haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom
 In vain—no words can soothe his rigid ear;
 And Gallia's laws have rivetted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing saints,
 Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare;
 Tho' mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
 And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess
 To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
 The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
 And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow;
 From fatal symptoms, if I right conceive,
 This stream, Ophelia, has not long to flow,
 This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier
 To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
 Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
 And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,
 As thro' the lengthening isle they take their way;
 A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
 Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay:

Behold the minister who lately gave
 The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
 (More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
 And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew.

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
 The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh:
 Ev'n then, no longer to his child unjust,
 The tears may trickle from a father's eye.



THE R O O K E R Y.

O THOU who dwellest upon the bough,
 Whose tree does wave its verdant brow,
 And spreading shades the distant brook,
 Accept these lines, dear sister rook;

And

And when thou'ft read my mournful lay,
 Extend thy wing and fly away,
 Left pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,
 Thou should'ft like me bewail thy lot;
 Left in thy rook'ry be renew'd
 The tragic scene which here I view'd.

The day declin'd, the evening breeze
 Gently rock'd the filent trees,
 While fpreading o'er my peopled neft,
 I hush'd my callow young to reft :
 When fuddenly an hostile found,
 Explofion dire ! was heard around :
 And level'd by the hand of fate,
 The angry bullets pierc'd my mate ;
 I faw him fall from fpray to fpray,
 Till on the diftant ground he lay :
 With tortur'd wing he beat the plain,
 And never caw'd to me again.
 Many a neighbour, many a friend,
 Deform'd with wounds, invok'd their end :
 All fcreaming omen'd notes of woe,
 'Gainft man our unrelenting foe :
 Thefe eyes beheld my pretty brood,
 Flutt'ring in their guiltlefs blood :
 While trembling on the fshatter'd tree,
 At length the gun invaded me ;
 But wayward fate, feverely kind,
 Refus'd the death I wifh'd to find :
 O ! farewel pleasure ; peace, farewel,
 And with the gory raven dwell.

Was it for this I shun'd retreat,
 And fix'd near man my social feat!
 For this destroy'd the insect train
 That eat unseen the infant grain!
 For this, with many an honest note
 Issuing from my artless throat,
 I chear'd my lady, list'ning near,
 Working in her elbow chair!



A RECEIPT HOW TO MAKE L'EAU DE VIE.

BY THE LATE MR. CHARLES KING.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

GROWN old, and grown stupid, you just think me fit
 To transcribe from my grandmother's book a receipt;
 And a comfort it is to a wight in distress,
 He's of some little use—but he can't be of less.
 Were greater his talents—you might ever command
 His head,—(“that's worth nought”)—then, his heart
 and his hand.
 So your mandate obeying he sends you, d'ye see,
 The genuine receipt to make L'eau de la vie.

Take

Take seven large lemons, and pare them as thin
 As a wafer, or, what is yet thinner, your skin;
 A quart of French brandy, or rum is still better;
 • (For you ne'er in receipts should stick close to the letter :)
 Six ounces of sugar next take, and pray mind,
 The sugar must be the best double-refin'd;
 Boil the sugar in near half a pint of spring water,
 In the neat silver sauce-pan you bought for your daughter;
 But be sure that the syrup you carefully skim,
 While the scum, as 'tis call'd, rises up to the brim;
 The fourth part of a pint you next must allow
 Of new milk, made as warm as it comes from the cow,
 Put the rinds of the lemons, the milk, and the syrup,
 With the rum in a jar, and give 'em a stir up;
 And, if you approve it, you may add some perfume;
 Goar-stone, or whatever you like in its room.

Let it stand thus three days,—but remember to shake it;
 And the closer you stop it, the richer you make it:
 Then filter'd thro' paper, 'twill sparkle and rise,
 Be as soft as your lips, and as bright as your eyes,
 Last, bottle it up; and believe me the vicar
 Of E—himself ne'er drank better liquor:
 In a word, it excels, by a million of odds,
 The nectar your sister presents to the Gods.



DAY: A PASTORAL.

— CARPE DIEM.

HOR.

BY MR. CUNNINGHAM.

M O R N I N G.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V. Now

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top

Gently greets the morning gale :

Kidlings, now, begin to crop

Daisies on the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,

(Restless till her task be done)

Now the busy bee's employ'd

Sipping dew before the sun.

VII.

Trickling through the creviced rock,

Where the limpid stream distils,

Sweet refreshment waits the flock

When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin's for the promis'd corn

(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)

Anxious ;—whilst the huntsman's horn,

Boldly founding, drown his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O sweet, warbling throng,

On the white emblossom'd spray,

Nature's universal song

Echoes to the rising day.

N O O N.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy feat.

XII.

Now the flock forfakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a fingle found,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV. Cattle

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs ;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still ;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throats in tune ;
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon,

EVEN-



C O N T E N T :

A P A S T O R A L.

BY THE SAME.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,

As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,

And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home,

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,

Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast :

Fresh fruits ; and she cull'd me the best :

While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,

Love sily stole into my breast,

I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd

Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek ;
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms ;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.





C O R Y D O N :

A P A S T O R A L.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

BY THE SAME.

I.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid,
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain ;
In sooth he was gentle and kind !
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell ;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd rattle their cell.

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan ;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III. No

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd,—they envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.



M E L O D Y.

B Y T H E S A M E.

I.

LIGHTSOME, as convey'd by sparrows,
 Love and beauty cross'd the plains,
 Flights of little pointed arrows
 Love dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him,
 (Spoiler of their peace profound)
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him
 Frighten'd, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the wanton God grown slier,
 And for each fond mischief ripe,
 Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

Echo, by the winding river,
 Doubles his deluding strains ;
 While the boy conceals his quiver
 From the slow returning swains.

III.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Prais'd the fly musician's art ;
 Love, his light-disguise rejecting,
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce your duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those that timid fly from beauty
 May by MELODY be caught.



THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
 Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest,
 The internal pow'r, creative fancy, oft
 Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.
 Thus when no longer daily cares engage,
 The busy mind pursues the darling theme;
 Hence angels whisper'd to the slumb'ring sage,
 And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream;
 Hence as I slept, these images arose
 To fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

II.

As, when fair morning tries her pearly tears,
 The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
 Thus new to sight a Gothic dome appears
 With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.
 Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
 And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies
 In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
 Or ev'ning skirts with gold the western skies;

To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside,
Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound ;
Here hoodwinkt Ignorance is seen to bide,
Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
And haunt his soul with visionary fears ;
Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
And in faint glimm'rings just admit the light,
There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,
And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight.
A thousand glories wait her op'ning day,
Here beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts ;
Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts ;
She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

V.

A porter-deaf, decrepid, old, and blind
Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl

With

With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,
 And check each vig'rous effort of the soul :
 Whoe'er unwares shall ply his thirsty lip,
 And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
 Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
 And objects see in features not their own ;
 Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
 He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
 Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
 Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
 And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate :
 The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
 With triple crown erect, and throned high ;
 Two golden keys hang dangling by his side
 To lock or ope the portals of the sky ;
 Crouching and prostrate there (ah ! fight unmeet !)
 The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd
 Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes ;
 Heav'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,
 To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies !
 A man no more, a god he would be thought,
 And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey,
 With flight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
 And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay :

Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, sin,
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
Counting large heaps of o'er abounding good
Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aspect there indulgence stood,
And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,
And treason would absolve, and murder purge with gold.

IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay;
No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
And indolently snore the hours away.
The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tie
Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
As crimes of foulest stain the deepest dye:
No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
But spends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years.

X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire
Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath

Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
 And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.
 Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed
 To stretch or mangle to a certain size;
 To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
 To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries;
 Yet he beholds them with unmoistened eye,
 Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
 And slow approaching with majestic pace,
 A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
 With native charms and unaffected grace:
 Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,
 In which all objects their true features wear,
 And on her cheek a blush indignant glows
 To see the horrid forgeries practis'd there;
 She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
 Unlock'd its iron clasps, and op'd the heav'nly page.

XII.

“ My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
 “ That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
 “ Unveil, she said, the sacred myst'ries here,
 “ Give the celestial boon to publick view,
 “ Tho' blatant Obloquy with lep'rous mouth
 “ Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous deed,
 “ Yet in revolving years some lib'ral youth
 “ Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,

“ Yeur names adorn’d in * Gilpin’s polish’d page,
 “ With each historic grace, shall shine thro’ ev’ry age.

XIII.

“ With furious hate tho’ fierce relentless pow’r
 “ Exert of torment all her horrid skill;
 “ Tho’ your lives meet too soon the fatal hour,
 “ Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;
 “ Yet when the † dragon in the deep abyfs
 “ Shall lie, fast bound in adamantinè chain,
 “ Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless blifs,
 “ First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;
 “ Then shall repay the momentary tear,
 “ The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year.”

* The Reverend Mr. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, and Bishop Latimer, and of the lives of Wicliff, and the principal of his followers.

† See Revel. chap. xx. and the learned and ingenious Bishop of Bristol’s comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his dissertation on the prophecies:





THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

BY DR. THOMAS WARTON.

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride Ramam,
Semper in ore geris? referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petiuit
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.* CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from op'ning clouds, a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
 The silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod,
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd :
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd :

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
 Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy ;
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
 To note of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.
 For hark ! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls
 To the dear muse afflicted Freedom calls :
 When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string ?
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
 The venal sons of slavish Cam unite ;
 To shake yon tow'rs, when malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite Freedom's cause ;
 Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws :
 To pow'r your songs of gratulation pay,
 To courts address soft flattery's soothing lay.
 What tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse ?
 What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow,
 Yet strove his muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head ?—
 Misguided youth ! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page ;
 A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
 And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
 Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame ;
 Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean :
 Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain sanctify'd and sleek ;
 Still let the drones of her exhausted hive,
 On fat pluralities supinely thrive :
 Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;
 For tinsel'd courts their laurel'd mount despise,
 In stars and strings superlatively wise :
 No longer charm'd by virtue's golden lyre,
 Who sung of old amid th' Aonian choir,
 Where Cam, slow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
 With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.
 'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
 Where honour calls, and justice points the way ;
 To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings,
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
 Scorning, and scorn'd by courts, yon muses' bow'r
 Still nor enjoys, nor asks the smile of pow'r.
 Tho' wakeful vengeance watch my crystal spring,
 Tho' persecution wave her iron wing,
 And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
 " These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries ;
 On Isis still each gift of fortune waits,
 Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.
 See science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd ;
 With songs of joy my festal groves resound ;

My

My muse divine still keeps her wonted state,
 The front erect, and high majestic gait :
 Green as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
 And still the graces build my Parian piles :
 My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

Ah ! should'st thou fall (forbid it, heav'nly pow'rs !)
 Dash'd into dust with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs ;
 Who but would mourn, to British virtue dear,
 What patriot could refuse the manly tear !
 What British Marius could refrain to weep
 O'er mighty Carthage fall'n, a prostrate heap !

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain ;
 When yon proud * dome, fair learning's amplest shrine,
 Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine ;
 Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd cause ;
 What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay !
 How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd ;
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view !

O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine :
 Then bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,

* Radcliffe's library.

For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
 Then music left her golden sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
 Swell'd the full song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blithe the floating accents caught,
 And list'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
 In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
 And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
 Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
 And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the swelling concerts cease,
 And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace.
 See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
 Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart;
 Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
 He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
 Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
 'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
 To win with action, and with sense to warm;
 Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense
 The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence;
 In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
 Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
 Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
 Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;

From

From me, as from my country, wins applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this, scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I suffer this domestic pest,
This parricide that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in the stately ship that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief, dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil
The deep foundations of the watry pile.
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
In vain the thunder's martial rage she stood,
With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.

Ye venerable bow'rs, ye seats sublime,
Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time!
Ye stately piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence,
Where ancient piety, a matron hoar,
Still seems to keep the hospitable door!
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the fight,
Still step by step to musings mild invite!

Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the bard has caught
 The glowing sentiment the lofty thought!
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise!
 Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
 Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise;
 With ev'ry various flower their temples wreath'd,
 That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy crouding bards immortal Chaucer leads:
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
 And beams on all around celestial fire;
 With graceful step see Addison advance,
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
 To all, but his belov'd embrace, deny'd,
 See Locke leads reason, his majestic bride:
 See sacred Hammond, as he treads the field,
 With godlike arm uprears his heav'nly shield.

All who, beneath the shades of gentle peace,
 Best plan'd the labours of domestic ease;
 Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
 Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;

Who

Who told the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd,
 All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind;
 Each priest of health, who mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting foul;
 All croud around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon solemn band! with virtuous aim,
 'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame:
 With pious plans each musing feature glows,
 And well weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows:
 "Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
 Hamden, and Hooker, Hyde and Sidney shine.
 These from thy source the fires of freedom caught:
 How well thy sons by their example taught!
 While in each breast th' hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
 I see the sable-suited prince advance
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward—the muses in yon hallow'd shade
 Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade:
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the laureat band,
 The * British king before me seems to stand.
 He by my plenty-crown'd scenes beguild,
 And genial influence of my seasons mild,

* Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.

Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
 The muse in prattling infancy convey'd ;
 From Gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :
 Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
 Soon pour'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd land.
 Tho' rude the * dome, and humble the retreat,
 Where first his pious care ordain'd her seat,
 Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bow'rs,
 And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.
 He first fair learning's and Britannia's cause
 Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws :
 He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,
 And form'd his soul to social scenes of art,
 Wisest and best of kings!—with ravish'd gaze
 Elate the long procession he surveys :
 Joyful he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He plan'd the rudiments of learning's reign :
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race express :
 With rapture views fair freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive!)
 (Such seen, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
 Unfullied on his ancient diadem)
 Well-pleas'd that in his own Pierian seat
 She plumes her wings, and rests her weary feet ;
 That here at last she takes her fav'rite stand,
 " Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land."

* - - - - Ad Capitolia ducit
 Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis. VIRG. *Æn.*



NEW-MARKET. A SATIRE.

BY THE SAME.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
 Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
 Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
 Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
 Of each fond frolic what the source and end,
 His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks most dainty dupes,
 Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in soups:
 This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he sees
 His mortgag'd mountains destitute of trees;
 Convinc'd too late, that modern strains can move,
 With mightier force than those of Greece, the grove.
 In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
 Marmoreo from the classic tour returns;
 So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh—
 He cares not—if his * Cæsars be but safe.
 Some tread the slippery paths of love's delights,
 These deal the cards, or shake the box at White's:
 To different pleasures different tastes incline,
 Not the same sea receives the rushing swine.

* Antique medals.

Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poisonous bowl,
In separate fies the mimic monsters roll.

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
Where fam'd New-market spreads her tempting plain,
There let the chosen steed victorious strain;
Where (not * as erst was sung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
Thro' the same path, to the same goal ye run,
And are, at once, undoing and undone,
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and estate,
Lose all at once—for what?—to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beasts, Acteon-like, a prey.

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park;
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;

* Alluding to those well known lines of Sir John Denham,
in Cooper's Hill, on London.

“ —Thro' several ways they run,

“ Some to undo, and some to be undone.”

In simple state, where genuine nature wears
 Her venerable dress of ancient years ;
 Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
 The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
 Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
 And form dark groves, which Druids might adore ;
 Pride and support of Britain's conquering crosses,
 Which distant ancestors saw crown'd with moss :
 With meeting boughs, and deep'ning to the view,
 Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue :
 Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green :
 There the full stream, thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants a hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.
 And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers ;
 Whose rafter'd hall the crouding tenants fed,
 And dealt to age and want their daily bread :
 Where garter'd knights, with peerless beauties join'd,
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd ;
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral * masque.

But

* It was a fashionable practice among our antient nobility
 and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertain-
 ments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or
 rational

But vain all ancient praise, or boasts of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth !
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosp'rous heir,
 Hilario bets—Park, house, dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
 The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies,
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fidler, highwayman, or player.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the list'd plain !
 Not more fantastic * Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse,

rational method of spending an evening than this. Milton's
 Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Castle, in the year
 1631. See Ben Johnson's Masques.

* Chavileno. See Don Quixote;

He pierc'd heaven's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
 And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
 Nor less, I woen, precarious is the meed
 Of young adventurers, on the muse's steed ;
 For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
 And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
 Hippolitus had eat sirloins in peace :
 Had quaff'd secure; unvex'd by toils or wife,
 The mild October of a rural life :
 Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
 And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground.
 As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
 His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
 Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
 Tempt him to rein the steed, and stake his store.
 Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
 Amid the lists our hero takes his stand ;
 Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
 He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay ;
 When lo ! the chance of one unlucky heat
 Strips him of game, strong beer, and sweet retreat.
 How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
 Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.
 The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
 At once with dullness, and with hunger curst.
 And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires !
 And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires ?
 In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
 Retain, thy conscript counsellors behold ;

(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
 May gain a borough by a lucky bet)
 Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
 The cap and wig succinct, the filken suit,
 Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
 And scour in rival race New-market's plains.
 See side by side, the jockey and Sir John,
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh, my muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!

See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crouds the tumults could produce—
 "Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose?
 Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
 Such emphasis of oaths, and claret drinking!
 Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
 Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
 The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
 As, at New-market, dislocated limbs.

Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring croud
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses, gravely fix the fate,
 Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
 And o'er th' equestrian rights with care paternal watch.

Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:

No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause ;
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but New-market's * stand:

Are these the sage directive powers design'd,
 With the nice search of a sagacious mind,
 In judgment's scales the fate of realms to weigh,
 Britannia's interest, trade, and laws survey ?
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost ?
 Who dams and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race :
 Think London journies are the worst of ills,
 And set their hands to articles for bills :
 Strangers to all historians sage relate,
 Their's are the memoirs of th' equestrian state :
 Unskill'd in Albion's past and present views,
 Who † Cheny's records for Rapin peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs ;
 See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad ;

* A kind of scaffold, where is held a consistory, made up of several very eminent gentlemen, for determining doubtful cases in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be called a Pandæmonium.

† The accurate and annual author of an historical list of the running horses, &c.

Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed and state.

How would a virtuous * Houhnhym neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear slav'ry's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
And robb'd of manhood by the murd'rous knife,
Sustain each fordid toil of servile life.

Yet oh! what rage would touch his gen'rous mind,
To see his son of more than mortal kind;
A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
That fills the prudent head or valorous breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-'squire.

How are th' adventurers of the British race
Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of ancient days;
Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
Their's was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Their's was the Theban bard's recording song.
Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
Our British Therons issue to the race
Of their own gen'rous coursers the disgrace.
What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
They won no bets—but then they soar'd to gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all the united plates of George bestow'd.

* Vide Gulliver's travellers, voyage to the Houhnhyms.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
 Thy solemn scenes and awful vision's rise,
 In ancient grace, before my musing eyes.
 Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While sage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
 There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her * fated hero's flashing spear.
 Here hung with many a lyre of silver string:
 The laureat walks of sweet Ilissus spring:
 And lo where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—

Yet ah! no more the feat of art and arms
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Gothic rage,
 Has blasted all the bays of ancient age;
 No more her groves by sacred feet are trod,
 Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fallen is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rival'd Græcia's praise,
 Great nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware,
 Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear,
 With Spartan fortitude, the British spear;
 Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed,
 Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

* Leonidas.



ODE TO AMBITION.

BY MR. SHEPHERD.

O'ER midnight glafs, or by the fair
 In dalliance soft careft;
 Without a thought, without a care
 To difcompense their reft,
 The meaner herd exulting pant to rove
 The flowery paths of pleasure's fairy grove:

While more determined bosoms glow
 With high ambition's fires;
 Source of whate'er is great below,
 The grave of mean defires:
 Adieu for them the pleasure-winged hour,
 Adieu the bed of ease, the Paphian bow'r!

Tho' rough the paths that lead to fame,
 Their steps no toils difmay;
 Ambition aids the generous aim,
 And fmooths the rugged way:
 With all its luftre bids bright virtue fhine,
 And into action wakes the big design.

What breaks th' aspiring statesman's rest ?
 What gives the muse to sing ?
 Ambition wakes his anxious breast,
 And plumes her towering wing :
 Instructs the feeble monarch how to bear
 The crown, and all the thorns that fasten there,

The general's wakeful bosom fires,
 And guards the jealous camp ;
 The scholar's flattering hope inspires,
 And trims the midnight lamp :
 The pride of arts from fair Ambition springs,
 And blooms secure beneath her fostering wings,

Oft, goddess, as thy genial ray
 Pervades the feeling heart,
 Love trembling quits his sensual sway,
 And drops his feeble dart :
 The flowers, that in the Paphian garden grow,
 Fade in the wreath that rounds the hero's brow,

Pleasure retreats with wanton smiles,
 And strength-unnerving eyes ;
 Hoping in vain by Parthian wiles
 To conquer as she flies :
 Sloth with reluctance quits her foul embrace,
 Rough care and manly toil assume her place,

Virtue with firm quaternian band
 • His eager steps precedes ;
 A flambeau grasping in her hand,
 To light to glorious deeds :
 The sifter-train his toils with glory crown,
 And point the arduous paths to fair renown,

By these inspired, young Scipio trod
 To fame th' adventurous way ;
 " By love, he cry'd, let Paphos' god
 " The softer soul betray ;
 " A nobler quarry lures the hero's eye :"
 He spoke, and bade th' unconquered eagle fly.

Hence then, ye slaves, whom ease delights,
 To yon lone cloyster stray,
 Where monkish apathy invites
 To doze tame life away :
 True worth, that spurns the hermit's sluggard cell,
 In glory's active courts delights to dwell.



ODE TO HEALTH.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE meagre pale disease,
 From the crude banquets of intemperance bred ;
 Nursed in the sluggard bed,
 And folded in the arms of pamper'd ease :

Hence

Hence to Bœotian bogs ;
 Whence humid Aufter on his dropping wings
 Grofs exhalations brings,
 Where rank effluvia from the marfhy brake,
 Or murky ftagnate lake,
 Pregnant with ills arife in mifty fogs.
 And come, Hygeia, bland and fair,
 Flufhed with the glow of morning air ;
 With coral lip and fparkling eye,
 Complexion of enfanguined dye ;
 With chearful fmile, and open brow,
 Where care could ne'er one furrow plow :
 With fteady ftep, and afpect fteek,
 The rofe that glows on Stella's cheek,
 And fnowy bofom, whence exhales
 The fweetnefs of Etefian gales.
 In fylvan fcenes is thy delight,
 To climb the towering mountain's height,
 Or blithely on thy native plain,
 To gambol with the Dryad train.
 Thofe plains, where in unguarded hour,
 Far from the ken of her chafte bower,
 As o'er the dew-befpangled glade
 Roved Temperance the mountain maid ;
 She ftopped, in fixt attention viewing
 Lufty exercife purfuing,
 With miffive fhaft and beechen fpear,
 Thro' opening lawns the trembling deer,
 The god furveye the mufing dame,
 The lover quits his flying game :

His

His tresses dropped with morning dew,
 While to the wood-nymph's arms he flew;
 And from their hale embraces sprung
 Hygeia, ever fair and young.

Long, virgin, may thy genial fire
 Each late exhausted vein inspire,
 The crimson tide of life renew,
 And give to glide in channels blue.
 Thee wit and mirth spontaneous serve,
 That give a tone to every nerve,
 Invoke thee, harmony's bright queen,
 To tune the disarranged machine.
 The glow of Titan's orient ray
 Thy happy pencil shall portray
 With grace more exquisite, than lies
 In Guido's air, or Titian's dyes;
 Hence the pale hue of sickness chase,
 And call up each reviving grace.
 O'er which as late with haggard hand
 Consumption shook her magic wand;
 Nature's last debt prepar'd to pay
 Youth's drooping flowers 'gan fade away.
 No crimson hue was seen to glow,
 The stagnate blood forgot to flow;
 Their lustre fled, the languid eyes
 Stood fixt in motionless surprize;
 Each sense seemed lost in endless night,
 The trembling soul was winged for flight:
 Which death's rude shaft had half set free
 In unconceived eternity.

Then,

Then, Varus, was the power displayed
 Of medicine's heaven-directed aid.
 Versed in each drug's balsamic use
 The Dædal foils of earth produce,
 In every flower of every hue,
 And herb that drinks the morning dew;
 Thy lenient hand allayed each throw,
 And gave a milder face to woe :
 Bade the bold pulse elastic play,
 The eye emit its vivid ray,
 Called back the flitting life again,
 And health inspired thro' every vein :

Again thrills with her genial zest
 Each nerve ; again my languid breast
 Visits the cherub joy. For this
 May thy auspicious heart ne'er miss,
 Oft as the fair for charms decayed
 Implores thy salutary aid,
 To smoothe the lovely mourner's brow,
 And bid reviving beauties glow ;
 To sooth the tender parent's cries,
 And wipe the tears from infant eyes.

But chief, my muse, with reverent awe
 To him, whose will is nature's law,
 Thy hymns of gratulation pay,
 To him direct the tribute lay,
 From whom derives the balmy pill
 Its virtues, the physician skill :
 That o'er each act and thought presides,
 Directs his hand, his counsel guides.

Else medicine's unavailing store
 Shall vainly glide thro' every pore,
 Thro' every pore the mineral rill
 In vain its gifted powers instil.
 Father divine, eternal king,
 To thee I wake the trembling string ;
 If mad ambition ne'er misled, ,
 In paths where virtue dares not tread,
 My vagrant step ; if fordid views
 Ne'er won the prostitute muse ;
 For others let Pactolus flow,
 Let honour wreath another's brow :
 Health I intreat ; whose jocund throng
 Wantons each laughing grace among ;
 With health the dancing minutes crown'd,
 The field of all my wishes bound.



LIBERTY.

A POEM.

THANKS, Nicè, to thy treacherous art,
 At length I breathe again ;
 The pitying gods have ta'en my part,
 And eas'd a wretch's pain :

feel, I feel, that from its chain
 My rescued soul is free,
 Nor is it now I idly dream
 Of fancied Liberty.

Extinguish'd is my ancient flame,
 All calm my thoughts remain;
 And artful love in vain shall strive
 To lark beneath disdain.

No longer, when thy name I hear,
 My conscious colour flies;
 No longer, when thy face I see,
 My heart's emotions rise.

I sleep, yet not in every dream
 Thy image pictur'd see;
 I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
 Fix its first thought on thee:
 From thee far distant when I roam,
 No fond concern I know;
 With thee I stay, nor yet from thence
 Does pain or pleasure flow.

Oft of my Nicè's charms I speak,
 Nor thrills my stedfast heart;
 Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
 Yet feel no inward smart.
 No quick alarms confound my sense;
 When Nicè near I see;
 Even with my rival I can smile,
 And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,

Or treat me with disdain;

Vain is to me the look severe,

The gentle smile as vain.

Lost is the empire o'er my soul,

Which once those lips possess;

Those eyes no longer can divine

Each secret of my breast.

What pleases now, or grieves my mind,

What makes me sad, or gay,

It is not in thy power to give,

Nor canst thou take away;

Each pleasant spot without thee charms;

The wood, the mead, the hill;

And scenes of dullness, even with thee;

Are scenes of dullness still.

Judge, if I speak with tongue sincere;

Thou still art wond'rous fair;

Great are the beauties of thy form,

But not beyond compare:

And, let not truth offend thine ear,

My eyes at length incline

To spy some faults in that lov'd face,

Which once appear'd divine.

When from its secret deep recess

I tore the painful dart,

(My shameful weakness I confess)

It seem'd to split my heart;

But, to relieve a tortur'd mind,
 To triumph o'er disdain,
 To gain my captive self once more,
 I'd suffer every pain.

Caught by the birdlime's treacherous twigs,
 To which he chanc'd to stray,
 The bird his fasten'd feathers leaves,
 Then gladly flies away :
 His shorten'd wings he soon renews,
 Of snares no more afraid ;
 Then grows by past experience wise,
 Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
 My passion's fully o'er,
 Because I oft repeat the tale,
 And still add something more :—
 'Tis natural instinct prompts my tongue,
 And makes the story last,
 As all mankind are fond to boast
 Of dangers they have past.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
 Recounts his bloody wars,
 Tells all the hardships which he bore,
 And shews his ancient scars.
 Thus the glad slave, by prosperous fate
 Freed from the servile chain,
 Shews to each friend the galling weight,
 Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I speak,

I speak, yet speaking, all my aim
 Is but to ease my mind ;
 I speak, yet care not if my words
 With thee can credit find ;
 I speak, nor ask if my discourse
 Is e'er approv'd by thee,
 Or whether thou with equal ease
 Dost talk again of me.

I leave a light inconstant maid,
 Thou'st lost a heart sincere ;—
 I know not which wants comfort most,
 Or which has most to fear :
 I'm sure, a swain so fond and true,
 Nicè can never find ;
 A nymph like her is quickly found,
 False, faithless, and unkind.



MODERN VIRTUE.

A SATIRE.

EXCUTIENDA DAMUS PRÆCORDIA — PERI.

“ **L**ET venal annals boast a Cæsar's reign,
 “ When Rome's great genius hugg'd th' imperial
 “ chain,

“ Freedom, gay goddess, glads our happier isle,

“ Peace smooths her brow, as plenty decks her smile ;

R 2

“ In

" In every son th' inspirer lives confess'd,
 " And lights up all the patriot in his breast,
 " Breathes the same social warmth from soul to soul,
 " Till widening nature pants but for a whole.
 " Shines he in life's meridian beam display'd,
 " Or gives his milder virtues to the shade;
 " Glares the proud ribbon, nods the martial crest,
 " Or flaunt the tatters on his motly vest?
 " The godlike Briton fills his every sphere
 " Without a frailty, and without a fear.
 " If rich: bright image of the eternal mind,
 " His opening bosom takes in all mankind;
 " Where'er he comes, health triumphs o'er disease,
 " Hope glads despair, and anguish melts to ease.
 " Is knowledge his? he lends his every art
 " To rear the genius and to mould the heart;
 " Fondly pursues, with Boyle's auspicious blaze,
 " Truth thro' her masques, and nature thro' her maze;
 " To heedless justice gives the well-poiz'd scale,
 " And raises commerce as he guides the sail.
 " Is pow'r his orb? he lives but to defend;
 " The statesman only dignifies the friend;
 " Disarms oppression, prunes ambition's wing,
 " And stifles faction e'er she darts her sting;
 " Enriches every coffer but his own,
 " And shields the cottage while he guards the throne;
 " Sees at his nod our plunder'd rights restor'd,
 " And Europe trembling when he grasps the sword."
 Thus sung the muse when fancy vigorous ran,
 And warm'd the youth, e'er reason form'd the man;

Life thro' opinion's false perspective seen,
 With mimic beauty glow'd in every scene ;
 Dress'd in an angel's visionary form,
 Vice aim'd to please, and madness learn'd to charm :
 Rebellion soften'd into public love,
 And each enormous villain seem'd a Jove.
 Doubly deceiv'd, what Lelius could I find
 To chase the phantoms, or to free the mind ?
 No Lelius came, no seraph lent his aid,
 No pitying genius whisper'd in the glade.

It chanc'd that virtue heard th' untutor'd lays,
 Still madly lisping with the voice of praise,
 She heard, as thro' the Mall the goddesses stray'd,
 When the gay world had peopled all the shade,
 Mild as the softness of a vernal sky,
 Youth flush'd her cheek, while caution arm'd her eye ;
 Half loose majestic flow'd her azure vest,
 A spotless ruby bled upon her breast.
 At every step kind nature felt her pow'r,
 Soft blew the zephyr, and soft sprung the flow'r ;
 A brighter freshness hung on every green,
 And a new Eden stole upon the scene.

Awhile she paus'd, and with a frown survey'd
 The mingling swarm of tatters and brocade.
 When, as the goddess wav'd th' ethereal spear,
 Pride dropt her smile, and artifice her tear ;
 Lust threw aside religion's borrow'd grace,
 A leering satyr gloated in her face ;
 The prude, who fainted at the name of vice,
 Now hugg'd the bottle, and now grasp'd the dice ;

While tortur'd with the town's obscener all,
 A faint flood melting o'er a luscious tale.
 Here, the bribe glitter'd in a courtier's hand;
 There, the grave patriot bellow'd—for a wand;
 Full in his eye th' enchanting object hung,
 And dying freedom gasp'd upon his tongue.
 All who to Drury's deadly stews resort,
 Rob at the 'Change, or plunder in the court,
 Stripp'd of their masques in wild disorder rose,
 One with a halter, one without a nose;
 So oddly mix'd, so excellently ill,
 Such motly spectres of Quevedo's hell;
 They'd make a jesuit quit the absolving chair,
 A brothel tremble, and a conclave stare.

So when, where Bedlam's air-dress'd visions dwell,
 Tom stalks a straw-crown'd monarch in his cell;
 Just as he soars tremendous to a god,
 And the wing'd thunder only waits his nod;
 Shudd'ring, he hears his keeper's furly tone,
 He hears, and horror wraps his tott'ring throne;
 Crowns drop their lustre, scepters lose their awe,
 Robes fly to rags, and empires sink to straw.

“ Learn hence, fair virtue cry'd, mistaken youth,
 “ What various monsters wear the guise of truth.
 “ Deck'd with each grace, immortal merit shews
 “ The cheek that reddens, and the soul that glows;
 “ With heav'n's own image beaming in his eye;
 “ Man smiles a dagger, and he looks a lie.”
 She spoke, and lo! the long-misguided fire,
 With every number, slept along the lyre,

Say then, my friend! whose virtues are my pride,
 Whose candour sooths me, while thy precepts guide;
 Thou, whose quick eye has look'd thro' every age,
 View'd every scene, and studied every fage;
 Say, shall I praise th' escutcheon's proud record,
 When a lost Brutus sinks into a lord?
 With fulsome sing-song after shadows run,
 And still mistake a meteor for a sun?
 Shall I be silent, while from day to day
 Bellville in bagnios revels life away;
 Flagitious drops the majesty of pow'r
 In the mad mischiefs of the midnight hour;
 No flatt'rer left to daub, no friend to aid,
 By strumpets plunder'd, and by wits betray'd?

Rous'd at the thought, keen satire spurns her chain,
 Springs with new life, and pants in every vein,
 On vice impatient wreaks her gath'ring rage,
 And bids the tyrant bleed thro' all the page.
 Broods she in purple o'er the venal bar,
 Struts in a gown, or blazes in a star;
 My pen shall trace her out from slave to slave,
 Nor dares oblivion screen her in the grave.

Come then, ye self-curs'd atheists! who degrade
 Truth to a sound, and scripture to a trade,
 Ye bearded sycophants! who life supply
 With the warm sun-shine of a minion's eye:
 Ye French editions of a British fool:
 Abroad a cypher, and at home, a fool!
 Ye ———

FRIEND.

Are you mad? or have you lost all grace?
 What, write a satire when you want a place!
 Hold, hold, for God's sake, e'er your friend bestow
 A few stout cords, and send you to Munro*.

Would you avoid the pedant's learned sneer?
 Awe the pert fop? or soothe a doctor's ear?
 Heedless of all the phantom sisters play'd,
 From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian shade,
 Pursue deep science thro' her mazy road,
 Hunt every page, and crawl from code to code;
 Where musty systems solid joy dispense,
 And wise Smiglecius fills the void of sense;
 Or proud some more important truths to learn,
 Dream o'er the labour'd glossaries of H—n:
 So you may live, approv'd, perhaps prefer'd,
 Your wisdom gravely measur'd by your beard.

But soft—Your aim's to civilize mankind,
 To wake each social virtue of the mind;
 To strip from vice the gay disguise of art,
 And bare the villain lurking in the heart;
 For this you grasp the falchion, spread the shield,
 A pigmy Quixot in the 'list'd field.

Time was, when satire delicately nice
 Cou'd rouse each virtue, and cou'd blast each vice;
 Truth learn'd to please from Æsop's fabling tongue,
 And Rome grew virtuous when her Ennius sung.

* Physician to Bethlem hospital.

Once lost to goodness, but now lost to shame,
We court dishonour, as we laugh'd at fame;
With the same raptures plunge in ev'ry crime,
Tho' fifty Oldhams stab in ev'ry rhyme.

A native son each vigorous Frenchman hails,
Politely partial to his own Versailles.
There, toujours gai, he loves a looser rein;
His Miss la Contesse, and his wine Champagne.
Britain, more generous, every vice provides,
That Europe ripens, and that Asia hides.
Th' enormous harvest to our ports consign'd,
Loads every ship, and busies every wind.
Soon a vast group of follies croud the shore,
As soon they cloy.—Fly hence, and fetch us more,
Quick spread th' impatient sail from pole to pole,
Ye zephyrs, waft her! and ye oceans, roll!

Strike whom you please, and write whate'er you will,
Harpax will cheat, and Phillis hide spadille,
Hircus in brothels impotently toil,
And Verres murder merit with a smile:
Murder, secure of fame, for vulgar eyes
Will still adore him, tho' the good despise;
At his rich coat and gorgeous chariot gaze,
And lose at once th' assassin in the blaze.
E'en Young himself, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to every breast,
Sees he among this vicious race of men
One rascal mended when he grasps the pen?
Still at the levee swarms the venal tribe,
And still corruption longs for every bribe.

A U T H O R.

What then? If vice unblushing hears the sage,
 Shall reason struggle in the check of age?
 Shall truth shut up in complaisance her heart,
 Young lend a smile, and satire drop her dart?
 No, let the fiend-like heads of Hydra grow,
 Rise as he strikes, and double from the blow;
 One honest drudge our Hercules has found,
 To fear the monster sprouting in the wound.

Come, come, O my friend! throw off this rising frown.
 Nor curb my passion while you loose your own.
 Oft have you bid proud Thrafo mend his life,
 Who kick'd a sister, and who starv'd a wife.
 Nay, insolently dar'd to tell her grace,
 That virtue made a goddess, not the face.

F R I E N D.

When brisker spirits thro' the bosom roll,
 And life's mad tumult rushes on the soul;
 Each beardless Cato wings with aukward zeal
 His little arrow, e'er he learns to feel;
 Fierce as old Apius, apes th' insulting air,
 Th' uplifted eye-brow, and the lordly stare,
 So I—But now that age with smooth career
 Wafts cooler notions on my fixtieth year;
 Lost to each hope, each visionary joy,
 Poms that disturb, and vanities that cloy;
 Heedless what wit's cashier'd, what fool's carest,
 Who lives an hero, or who lives a jest,
 I view the world's romantic scene pass by,
 And stifle all my anger in a sigh.

While

While thus my days steal on the wing of time,
 Unstain'd by wit, and guiltless of a rhyme,
 Unnumber'd ills the dreaded sat'rist wait,
 Stand fast, Olympus! and support him, Fate!
 See! frantic dulness panting for the war,
 Grasps the keen spear, and mounts th' imperial car,
 Shrill clarions sound, attending furies yell,
 The length'ning echo howls thro' ev'ry cell;
 Rous'd by th' inspiring clang, each mighty son,
 Congenial offspring of his fire, the Hun,
 Slides from his garret formidably gay,
 An human vulture darting on his prey,
 All they whose science loads th' incumber'd stall,
 Who wound the wainscot, and who daub the wall,
 Luxurious rogues, that revel once a week
 On the rich feast of vistro's and ox-cheek;
 From the soft lyric to the wretch who squalls
 The mint-born ballad at the end of Paul's,
 Around the flag in martial pomp appear,
 C—l in the van, and O—n in the rear.
 Th' impatient battle joins, and lo! at once
 The same wild phrensy spreads from dunce to dunce,
 Fir'd with one soul, the shirtless legions run,
 One hurls a journal, and one darts a pun,
 In snip-snap prose vindictive lightnings play,
 And loud hoarse thunders rattle thro' the lay.
 Quick and more quick, the dire discordant din
 Roars thro' each hall, and roars from inn to inn;
 Wakes the loud horrors of the wrangling school,
 Where Priscian bawls, and fool re-echoes fool.

But

But should you all the mighty mad defeat,
 Who howl in Bedlam, and who stun the Fleet,
 See the pert critic tremble to engage,
 Wit blunt her sting, and envy drop her rage;
 Yet can poor innocence to mercy awe
 Those deadlier pests, the harpies of the law?
 Another P—n shields each worthless lord,
 Arms the dread scourge, and wets the avenging sword,
 Where he, great genius! throws his letter'd eye,
 Truth stares a libel, honesty a lie,
 Young embryo treasons in each period shine,
 And fancy'd poisons kill thro' every line.
 He sure will curb you, tho' my precepts fail:
 No stoic bullies when he smells a jail,
 Conscious that wisdom mounts her throne too late,
 When doom'd to warble ethics thro' a grate.

AUTHOR.

Speak you of Claudius? let the minion rave,
 Say P—tt's a fool, and Litt—n's a knave,
 Call wit a libel, and yet never see
 Swords in a brief, or poisons in a fee.
 But from my soul all scandal I detest,
 Truth forms my numbers, as she warms my breast,
 Learns me to triumph o'er a pimp's disdain,
 And bids me laugh, when Claudius threatens the chain.

What, shall I strive to dignify disgrace?
 And hail a patriot less'ning in a place?
 Rear the proud trophy on a soldier's grave,
 Who liv'd a coward, and who dy'd a slave?

Shall I on vice's pageantry attend,
 Croud to her car, and at her altars bend ?
 Rather, where Indian suns their rays unfold,
 And ripen half Potosi into gold,
 Let me beneath a Spaniard's insult pine,
 Crouch to the scourge, and drudge from mine to mine.

Yet is there one, my friend ! who shines confest
 With all that heaven stamps upon the breast,
 Who, nobly conscious of paternal fire,
 Feeds the bright blaze, and beams upon his fire.
 Mine be the task to swell from day to day
 Th' applauding pæan, and the loud huzza ;
 To bid our sons, with filial fondness warm,
 Eye every grace, and copy every charm ;
 Explore his purpose, catch his God-like rage,
 And be the Maltons of another age.

My verse, you say, will certainly offend :
 Who ? not the man whom virtue calls her friend,
 Virtue, like gold, of genuine worth possess'd,
 Shines out more radiant when she dares the test,
 Swords arm her bosom, racks her vigour raise,
 And all hell's fires but give her strength to blaze.
 Can truth then hurt her ? wound her sacred ear ?
 Wake the keen pang ? or rouse th' impassion'd tear ?
 'Tis true, the selfish mercenary train,
 Whom honours libel, and whom titles stain,
 Struck with the face in satire's mirror shown,
 Perhaps may tremble, and perhaps may frown.
 Thanks to their rage, my days will happier flow,
 And my joys brighten when a knave's my foe.

Yet

Yet think not that the muse, to spleen resign'd,
 Aims monster-like to swallow up mankind,
 Bids her keen shafts with baleful vengeance fly,
 Taint the pure breeze, and poison half the sky,
 Or fond to spread destruction thro' the land,
 Exults with Nero as she lights the brand ;
 With honest warmth she wishes to controul
 Each deadly weed that blossoms on the soul,
 That wildly vig'rous mocks at virtue's toil,
 That choaks the scion, and that robs the soil ;
 But sadly conscious that just heav'n has made
 Each grace to border on its kindred shade ;
 That in the gem some sully'ing vein will run,
 And the disk darken while there shines a sun ;
 The melting image gains upon her heart,
 And spite of justice half disarms the dart.

O ! let me then in fable's empire rove,
 Where talks the forest, and where laughs the grove ;
 Attend the goddess thro' her airy scene,
 Her pictures borrow, and her morals glean,
 From wolves and lions draw th' instructive tale,
 And hide the glare of reason in a veil.

Blest be the thought ! Here, guiltless of offence,
 Dispassion'd truth may sneer you into sense ;
 On vicious men her whole artill'ry play,
 Sublimely grave, or whimsically gay ;
 Thro' the wide world in moral vision range,
 Glide thro' the court, and steal upon the 'Change ;
 Lust's rampant empress keenly-ey'd pursue,
 Or op'ning in her paphos, or the stew.

Lethargic.

Lethargic justice on the bench affail,
 Edge the dull sword, and poise th' unequal scale;
 With Rablais' jest display th' officious knave,
 In life's mad vortex whirling to the grave;
 Point at opinion's self-embroider'd vest,
 Folly's gay plume, and pride's enormous crest,
 Each frenzy mortify, each vice confound,
 And self-conviction only feel the wound.



A M O N O D Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

Flebilis indignos elegia solve capillos,

Ab! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit. OVID.

THERE fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,
 Whose beauty fir'd us, and whose spirit warm'd!
 In that sad sigh th' unwilling breath retir'd;
 The grace, the glory of our scene expir'd!
 And shall she die, the muse's rites unpaid,
 No grateful lays to deck her parting shade?
 While on her bier the sister graces mourn,
 And weeping tragedy bedews her urn?
 While comedy her chearful vein foregoes,
 And learns to melt with unaccustom'd woes?

Accept

Accept, (O once admir'd!) these artless lays;
Accept this mite of tributary praise.

O! could I paint thee with a master's hand,
And give thee all thy merits could demand;
These lines should glow with true poetic flame;
Bright as thy eyes, and faultless as thy frame!

We mourn'd thy absence, from our scene retir'd;
Each longing heart again thy charms desir'd,
Yet still, alas! we hop'd again to view
Our wish, our pleasure, ev'ry joy in you!
Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage;
Again thy spirit fill the comic stage.
But lo! disease hangs hov'ring o'er thy head;
Dire danger stalks around thy frightened bed!
Those starry eyes have lost each beamy ray,
And ghastly sickness makes the fair her prey!
Death shuts the scene!—and all our hopes are o'er!
Those beauties now must glad the sight no more!

Say ye, whose features youthful lustre bloom,
Whose lips exhale Arabia's soft perfume,
Must ev'ry gift in silent dust be lost,
No more the wish of man, or female boast?
Ah me! with time must ev'ry grace be fled!
She, once the pride of all our stage, is dead!
Clos'd are those eyes that ev'ry bosom fir'd;
Pale are those charms that ev'ry heart inspir'd!
Where now the mien with majesty endu'd,
Which oft surpriz'd a ravish'd audience view'd?

What forms too oft the tragic scene disgrace;
What tasteless airs the comic scene deface?

Tho'

Tho' tuneful Cibber still the muse sustains,
 By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,
 Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,
 And more than music warbles when she speaks;
 When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
 A form angelic and a piercing mind;
 Alike in ev'ry mimic scene to steer,
 The gay, the grave, the lively, and severe.
 Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,
 No senseless parrot of the poet's thought!
 Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
 And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
 Whene'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,
 Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.
 What heart but then must Anthony approve,
 And own the world was nobly lost for love?
 What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,
 When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord?
 Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,
 And Egypt gain'd the sigh Octavia claim'd.
 Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,
 While love usurp'd the tears to virtue due.

See! Phœdra rise majestic o'er the scene,
 What raging pangs distract the hapless queen!
 How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,
 Beam thro' each word, and brighten ev'ry line!
 What nerve, what vigour glows in ev'ry part,
 While classic lays appear with classic art!

Who now can bid the proud Roxana rise,
 With love and anger sparkling in her eyes?

Who now shall bid her breast in fury glow,
 With all the semblance of imperial woe?
 While the big passion, raging in her veins,
 Would hold the master of the world in chains:
 But Alexander now forsakes her coast:—
 And, ah! Roxana is for ever lost!

Nor less thy pow'r when rigid virtue fir'd
 The chaster bard, and purer thoughts inspir'd:
 What kneeling form appears with stedfast eyes,
 Her bosom heaving with devotion's sighs!
 'Tis she! in thee we own the mournful scene,
 The fair resemblance of a martyr * queen!
 Here Guido's skill might mark thy speaking frame,
 And catch from thee the painter's magic flame!

Blest in each art! by nature form'd to please,
 With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease!
 Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
 All Shakespear op'ning to thy vig'rous mind.
 In ev'ry scene of comic humour known;
 In sprightly fallies wit was all thy own.
 Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife;
 Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life:
 Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit;
 And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
 Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind:
 Thy ears were ever open to distress;
 Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.

* Lady Jane Grey, Act V.

Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt ;
 Thy heart for other's sorrows prone to melt,
 In vain did envy point her scorpion sting ;
 In vain did malice shake her blasting wing :
 Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
 And cast o'er ev'ry fault oblivion's veil :
 Confess'd thro' ev'ry cloud, thy deeds to shine,
 And own'd the virtues of compassion thine !
 Saw mild benevolence her wand disclose,
 And touch thy heart at ev'ry sufferer's woes :
 Saw meek-ey'd charity thy steps attend,
 And guide thy hand the wretched to besfriend :
 Go, ask the breast that teems with mournful sighs,
 Who wip'd the sorrows from affliction's eyes :
 Go, ask the wretch, in want and sickness laid,
 Whose goodness brighten'd once misfortune's shade.

O ! snatch me hence to lone sequester'd scenes,
 To arching grottoes and embow'ring greens !
 Where scarce a ray can pierce the dusky shade,
 Where scarce a footstep marks the dewy glade ;
 Where pale hu'd grief her secret dwelling keeps ;
 Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :
 Where awful silence spreads her noiseless wing ;
 And sorrow's harp may tune the dismal string.—
 Or rather lead my steps to distant plains,
 Where closing earth enfolds her last remains :
 What time the moon displays her silver beam,
 And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :
 When contemplation broods with thought profound,
 And fairy visions haunt the sylvan ground.

Lo ! fancy now, on airy pinions spread,
 With scenes ideal hovers o'er my head.
 I see ! I see ! more pleasing themes arise :
 What mystic shadows flit before my eyes !
 Imagination paints the sacred grove,
 The place devote to poesy and love.
 Here grateful poets hail the actors' name,
 And pay the rightful tribute to their fame :
 Around their tomb, in gen'rous sorrow, mourn,
 And twine the laurels o'er the favour'd urn.

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,
 That bears inscrib'd her much-lamented name.
 See ! to my view the drama's sons display'd :
 What laurell'd phantoms croud the awful shade !
 First of the choir immortal Shakespear stands,
 Whose searching eye all nature's scene commands :
 Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,
 And genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes !
 Next tender Southern, skill'd the soul to move ;
 And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breast to love.
 The witty Congreve near with sprightly mien :
 And easy Farquhar with his lighter scene.
 A num'rous train of bards the shrine surround,
 In tragic strains and comic lore renown'd.

See ! on the tomb yon pensive form appear,
 Heave the full sigh, and drop the frequent tear :
 The garments loose her throbbing bosom show ;
 Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow :
 Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,
 A gloomy cypress nods above her head.

See !

See ! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,
 Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains :
 Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,
 And tune the notes to answer ev'ry sigh,
 She (child of grief !) at human mis'ry weeps ;
 At ev'ry death her dismal vigil keeps.
 But chief she mourns, when fate's relentless doom
 Gives wit and beauty victims to the tomb.
 Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,
 (A mournful task !) and elegy her name !
 Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,
 And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.

Ah ! lost, for ever lost ! the breath that warm'd,
 The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd !
 Here sleeps, beneath, the fairest of the fair,
 The graces' darling, and the muses' care !
 Who once could fix a thousand gazers eyes,
 Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies !
 Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,
 Now lies, alas ! in stronger bonds restrain'd,
 Pale death has rifled all her pleasing store,
 And Nature loaths a form so lov'd before !
 Is there a fair whose features point the dart,
 Charm the fix'd eye, and fascinate the heart ?
 Behold what soon disarms the childish sting,
 And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing :
 Then boast no longer wit's fallacious store ;
 The sweets of sprightly converse boast no more :
 Those lips so fram'd to each persuasive art,
 No more shall touch the ear, and win the heart !

Let beauty here her transient blessing weigh ;
 Let humble wit her pitying tribute pay ;
 Let female grace vouchsafe the kindly tear ;
 Wit, grace, and beauty, once were center'd here !
 Ye sacred bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,
 Here pay your incense of distinguish'd praise !
 She gave your scenes with ev'ry grace to shine ;
 She gave new feeling to the nervous line ;
 Her beauties well supply'd each tragic lore,
 And shew'd those charms your muse but feign'd before !
 Here round her shrine your votive wreaths bestow,
 Around her shrine eternal greens shall grow.
 The list'ning groves shall learn her name to sing,
 And zephyrs waft it on their downy wing ;
 Till ev'ry shade these doleful sounds return,
 And ev'ry gale in sullen dirges mourn !

The mourner ends with sighs ; her hand she rears,
 And with her vesture dries the gushing tears.
 Behold each bard the soft contagion feels ;
 From ev'ry eye the trickling sorrow steals.
 See ! Nature's son lament her hapless doom,
 See ! Shakespear bending o'er his fav'rite's tomb.
 Each shadowy form declines his awful head,
 And scatters roses on the fun'ral bed.
 In slow procession round the shrine they move,
 And chant her praises thro' the tuneful grove.

Farewel the glory of a wondring age,
 The second Oldfield of a sinking stage !
 Farewel the boast and envy of thy kind,
 A female softness, and a manly mind !

Long

By sleepless terror Saul possess'd,
 Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breast,
 Midnight spectres round him howl :
 Before his eyes
 In troops they rise,
 And seas of horror overwhelm his soul,

Haste ; to Jesse's son repair :
 He best can sweep the lyre,
 Wake the solemn sounding air,
 And lead the vocal choir :
 On ev'ry string soft-breathing raptures dwell,
 To sooth the throbbings of the troubled breast ;
 Whose magic voice can bid the tides of passion swell,
 Or lull the raging storm to rest.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
 The heav'n-forfaken monarch lay :
 To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near ;
 And, while th' obedient choir stood round,
 Prepar'd to catch the soul-commanding sound,
 He dropp'd a gen'rous tear.—
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart !
 For lo, thy poison'd arrows drink his heart !

The mighty song from Chaos rose.—
 Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,
 And drowsy darkness broods upon the deep.—
 Confusion, wake !
 Bid the realms of Chaos shake !
 Rouse him from his dread repose !—

Hark !

Hark ! loud discord breaks her chain :
The hostile atoms clash with deaf'ning roar :
Her hoarse voice thunders through the drear domain,
And kindles ev'ry element to war.—

“ Tumult cease !

“ Sink to peace !

“ Let there be light !”—Th' Almighty said :

And lo, the radiant sun,

Flaming from his orient bed,

His endless course begun.

See, the twinkling Pleiads rise :

Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies :

While slow around the northern plain,

Arcturus wheels his mighty wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he sung ;

Thy mystic mazes, and thy changeful ray :

O fairest of the starry throng !

Thy solemn orb of light

Guides the triumphant car of night

O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day !

Ye planets, and each circling constellation,

In songs harmonious tell your generation !

Oh, while yon radiant seraph turns the spheres,

And on the steadfast pole-star stands sublime ;

Wheel your rounds

To heav'nly sounds ;

And sooth his song-inchanted ears

With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprize the list'ning monarch lay :
 (His woe suspended by sweet music's sway ;)
 And awe-struck, with uplifted eye
 Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

Lead the soothing verse along :
 He feels, he feels the pow'r of song.—
 Ocean hastens to his bed :
 The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head :
 Down his steep and shaggy side
 The torrent rolls his thund'ring tide ;
 Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
 Winds his majestic waters to the distant main.
 Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
 The lark, high-soaring, hails the morn.
 And while along yon-crimson-clouded steep
 The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
 Hark ! the solemn nightingale
 Warbles to the woodland dale.
 See, descending angels show'r
 Heav'n's own bliss on Eden's bow'r :
 Peace on Nature's lap reposes ;
 Pleasure strews her guiltless roses :
 Joys divine in circles move,
 Link'd with innocence and love.
 Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd !
 All hail, ye sinless parents of mankind !
 They paus'd :—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
 Submissive bow'd his head ;

Ador'd

Ador'd the works of boundless pow'r divine :
 Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd (and smote his breast)
 Why, why is peace the welcome guest
 Of ev'ry heart but mine!

Now let the solemn numbers flow,
 Till he feel that guilt is woe.
 Heav'nly harp, in mournful strain
 O'er yon weeping bow'r complain :
 What sounds of bitter pangs I hear!
 What lamentations wound mine ear!
 In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed :
 Peace with innocence is fled.
 The messengers of grace depart :
 Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart!
 Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhorr'd,
 To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword?—
 Lo!
 Hapless, hapless pair,
 Goaded by despair,
 Forlorn, thro' desert climes they go!
 Wake, my lyre! can pity sleep,
 When heav'n is mov'd, and angels weep!
 Flow, ye melting numbers, flow;
 Till he feel, that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish torn,
 Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.
 The glowing youth,
 Bold in truth,

(So still should virtue guilty pow'r engage)

With brow undaunted met his rage.

See, his cheek kindles into gen'rous fire:

Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre;

And, while the doom of guilt he sings,

Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

What sounds of terror and distress

Rend yon howling wilderness!

The dreadful thunders sound;

The forked lightnings flash along the ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—

'Tis for heav'n's rebellious foe:—

Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,

Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!—

They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries

In dreadful tumult rise.

Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!

They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!

Now, destruction's strife is o'er!

The countless host

For ever lost!

The gulph is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate

Sinful man's appointed fate!

He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!

Clouds and darkness round him rowl:

Tremble, earth! Ye mountains, nod!

He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.

The

The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world:

“ Ruin, lift thy baneful head;

“ Rouse the guilty world from sleep:

“ Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,

“ And burst the rocks that chain thee in the deep.—

Now, th' impetuous torrents rise;

The hoarse-ascending deluge roars:

Down rush the cataracts from the skies;

The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.

Just, O God, is thy decree!

Shall guilty man contend with thee?

Lo, hate and envy, sea-intomb'd,

And rage with lust in ruin sleep;

And scoffing luxury is doom'd

To glut the vast and rav'nous deep!—

In vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies:—

“ Shrink, ye rocks! Ye oceans, rise!”—

The tott'ring cliffs no more the floods controul;

Sea following sea ingulphs the ball:

O'er the sunk hills the watry mountains roll,

And wide destruction swallows all!—

Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow;

Swell the song, ye mighty choir!

Wing your dreadful darts with fire!

Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!—

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along

The deep impetuous torrent of his song;

Saul, stung by dire despair,

Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair:

From

From his blood, by horror chill'd,
 A cold and agonizing sweat diffill'd :
 Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
 He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
 His watchful train prevent the blow ;
 And call each lenient balm, to sooth his frantic woe :
 But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
 His pride by heav'n's own terrors quell'd ;
 Then bade his potent lyre controul
 The mighty storm that rent his soul.

Cease your cares : the body's pain
 A sweet relief may find :
 But gums and lenient balms are vain
 To heal the wounded mind.
 Come, fair Repentance, from the skies,
 O fainted maid, with upcast eyes !
 Descend in thy celestial shroud,
 Vested in a weeping cloud !
 Holy guide, descend, and bring
 Mercy from th' eternal king !
 To his foul your beams impart,
 And whisper comfort to his heart !—

They come : O king, thine ear incline :
 Listen to their voice divine :
 Their voice shall ev'ry pang compose,
 To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes ;
 Till each pure wish to heav'n shall soar,
 And peace return, to part no more !

Behold,

Behold, obedient to their great command,
 The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand :
 Smooth'd is his brow, where fullen care
 And furrow'd horror couch'd with fell despair :
 No more his eyes with fury glow ;
 But heav'nly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.
 See, the signs of grace appear :
 See the soft relenting tear
 Trickling at sweet mercy's call !
 Catch it, angels, ere it fall !
 And let the heart-sent offering rise,
 Heav'n's best-accepted sacrifice !—

Yet, yet again ?—Ah see, the pang returns ;
 Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns !
 Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain ;
 Search the deep, heart-rending pain ;
 Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
 And quench the tortures of his soul.
 Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere !
 Let heav'nly hope dispel each dark temptation !
 And, while he pours the penitential tear,
 O visit him with thy salvation !—

Stoop from heav'n, ye raptur'd throng :
 Sink, ye swelling tides of song !
 For lo ! dissolv'd by music's melting pow'r,
 Celestial sorrow rolls her plenteous show'r.
 O'er his wan cheek the colours rise,
 And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.

Happy

Happy king, thy woes are o'er !
 Thy God shall wound thy soul no more :
 The pitying Father of mankind
 Meets the pure-returning mind.
 Now lowly let the rustic measure glide
 To quell the dark remains of self-consuming pride ;
 Till nature's home-sprung blessings he confess,
 And own that calm content is happiness.—
 Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains,
 Haunted grots, and living fountains !
 Listen to your shepherd's lay,
 Whose artless carols close the day.
 Bounding kids around him throng ;
 The steep rock echoes back his song :
 While all unseen to mortal eye,
 Sliding down the evening sky,
 Holy peace, tho' born above,
 Daughter of innocence and love,
 Quits her throne and mansion bright,
 Her crown of stars and robe of light,
 Serene, in gentle smiles array'd,
 To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
 Hail, meek angel ! awful guest !
 Still pour thy radiance o'er my breast !
 Pride and hate in courts may shine :
 The shepherd's calm and blameless tent is thine !—
 Softly, softly breath your numbers ;
 And wrap his weary'd soul in slumbers !
 Gentle sleep, becalm his breast,
 And close his eyes in healing rest !

Descend

Descend, celestial visions, ye who wait,
God's minist'ring pow'rs, at heav'n's eternal gate!

Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the silent realms of sleep,
Exalt the just to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind,
Descend!—Oh, waft him to the skies,
And open all heav'n's glories to his eyes!
Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
Where light's unclouded fountains blaze;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in ecstasy of ceaseless praise,
Angels, heal his anguish!
Your harps and voices join!
His grief to bliss shall languish;
When sooth'd by sounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!
See, the blissful tear o'erflows!—
The fiend is fled!—Let music's rapture rise:
Now harmony, thy ev'ry nerve employ:
Shake the dome, and pierce the skies:
Wake him, wake him into joy.—

What pow'r can ev'ry passion's thro' controul?
What pow'r can boast the charm divine
To still the tempest of the soul?
Celestial harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
She, heav'nly-born, came down to visit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative wisdom shone,
And spake fair order into birth.

At wisdom's call she robed yon glitt'ring skies,
 Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to rise,
 Angels wrapt in wonder stood,
 And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
 'Twas then, ye sons of God, in bright array
 Ye shouted o'er creation's day:
 Then kindling into joy,
 The morning stars together sung;
 And thro' the vast ethereal sky
 Seraphic hymns and loud hosannahs rung.



ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY JOHN OGILVIE, M. A.

I. I.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye,
 Say, bursts thy genius to the world of light?
 Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
 Or skims it's fields with rapid flight?
 Or mid' yon plains where fancy strays,
 Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
 Or where the violet pale
 Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream?
 Or where young zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
 Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream?

O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
 See'st thou where nature treads the deep'ning gloom,
 Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
 Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
 Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
 Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

I. 2.

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove
 Where'er the wild-cy'd goddess lov'd to roam,
 To trace serene the gloomy grove,
 Or haunt meek quiet's simple dome;
 Still hovering round the Nine appear,
 That pour the soul-transporting strain;
 Join'd to the loves gay train,
 The loose-rob'd graces crown'd with flow'rs,
 The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
 And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.
 O'er all bright fancy's beamy radiance shone,
 How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
 Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
 Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale;
 On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
 Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke.

I. 3.

" To thee, my favourite son, belong
 " The lays that steal the listening hour;
 " To pour the rapture-darting song,
 " To paint gay hope's elysian bower.

T 2

" From

" From nature's hand to snatch the dart,
 " To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
 " Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
 " And call the loves with purple wing
 " From the blue deep, where they dwell
 " With Naiads in the pearly cell,
 " Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze * ;
 " Or in the loose robe's floating maze
 " Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest;
 " Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
 " Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
 " Let sorrow clad in sable stole
 " Slow to thy musing thought appear ;
 " Or pensive pity pale ;
 " Or love's desponding tale
 " Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic tear."

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind ?
 Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought ?
 Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
 Starts into life the glowing draught ?
 On yonder fairy carpet laid,
 Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
 And zephyr breathes perfume ;
 There nightly to the tranced eye
 Profuse the radiant goddesses flood display'd,
 With all her smiling offspring nigh.
 Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
 The broider'd mead, the landskip, and the grove,

* Venus,

Hills,

Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
 Grotts, rills, and shades, and bowers that breath'd of love,
 All burst to fight!—while glancing on the view,
 Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the dew.

II. 2.

The pale-ey'd genius of the shade
 Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bower;
 Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
 Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
 Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
 Gay scenes by fancy's touch refin'd
 Glow'd to the musing mind;
 Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
 When hov'ring angels prompt his placid smile,
 Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
 Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
 Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
 Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze!
 The wild note trembling on th' aerial string!
 The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay
 Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay*.

II. 3.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
 Whose murmur sooths the ear of woe!
 There in some sweet poetic dream
 Let fancy's bright Elysium glow!

* Ariel: see the Tempest.

'Tis done :—o'er all the blushing mead
 The dark wood shakes his cloudy head ;
 Below, the lily-fringed dale
 Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale ;
 While in pastime all-unseen,
 Titania rob'd in mantle green
 Sports on the mossy bank :—her train
 Skims light along the gleaming plain ;
 Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
 The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold ;
 Its pinions opening to the light :—
 Say, bursts the vision on my sight ?
 Ah, no ! by Shakespear's pencil drawn
 The beauteous shapes appear ;
 While mock-eyed Cynthia near
 Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn *.

III. I.

But hark ! the tempest howls afar !
 Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste !
 What cherub blows the trump of war ?
 What demon rides the stormy blast ?
 Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
 The bleak heath rushes on the fight ;
 Then wrapt in sudden night
 Dissolves.—But ah ! what kingly form
 Roams the lone desert's desolated maze † !
 Unaw'd ! nor heeds the sweeping storm.

* See the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

† *Lear*.

Ye pale-ey'd lightnings spare the cheek of age !
 Vain wish ;—though anguish leaves the bursting groan.
 Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
 Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan :
 Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild despair
 Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

III. 2.

Lo ! on yon long-resounding shore,
 Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep ;
 What fancies bathed in infant gore
 Stand muttering on the dizzy steep !
 Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing ;
 The storm obeys their pow'rful spell ;
 See, from his gloomy cell
 Fierce winter starts ! his scowling eye
 Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing spring,
 And lowers along the ruffled sky.
 To the deep vault the yelling harpies run *,
 Its yawning mouth receives th' inferna crew,
 Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering fun,
 And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
 Hell howls : and fiends that join the dire acclaim
 Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame,

III. 3.

But ah ! on sorrow's cypress bough
 Can beauty breathe her genial bloom ?
 On death's cold cheek will passion glow ;
 Or music warble from the tomb ?

* The witches in Macbeth.

There sleeps the bard, whose tuneful tongue
 Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
 Young spring, with lip of ruby, here
 Showers from her lap the blushing year;
 While along the turf reclin'd,
 The loose wing swimming on the wind,
 The loves with forward gesture bold,
 Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;
 And oft the blue-eyed graces trim
 Dance lightly round on downy limb;
 Oft too, when eve demure and still
 Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
 Sweet fancy pours the plaintive strain,
 Or wrapt in soothing dream,
 By Avon's ruffled stream,
 Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the plain,



LAURA: OR, THE COMPLAINT.

AN ELEGY.

BY JAMES MARRIOT, L.L.D.

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
 That o'er yon caverns stretch your pendent shade,
 Where sacred silence lulls the rural vale,
 And love in whispers tells his tender tale;
 Ye lonely rocks, ye streams that ever flow,
 Still as my tears, and constant as my woe,

To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
 And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows rise;
 Where, lost to love, how often has she stray'd?
 When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
 When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
 Pour'd the warm wish, and breath'd out all his heart.

Ah, once lov'd seats! your pleasing scenes are o'er,
 Nor can you charm, since he can love no more;
 Though smile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
 In vain gay nature paints th' enamel'd ground;
 While through your solitary paths I rove,
 A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love.
 Tho' gentle zephyrs fan the bending bow'rs,
 Tho' breathes the incense of your op'ning flowers,
 Nor op'ning flowers; nor gentle zephyrs charm,
 Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm;
 Fade ev'ry flower, and languish ev'ry sense,
 Ye have no sweets for fall'n innocence.

Torn by remorse, sad victim of despair,
 Where shall I turn? or where address my prayer?
 Far as the morn its early beam displays,
 Or where the star of ev'ning darts its rays;
 Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
 Where blow the winds, or heav'n invests the pole,
 In vain my flutt'ring soul would wing its way;
 Stern care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of sleep, whose ever-peaceful reign
 Lulls earth, and heav'n, and all th' extended main,
 Pow'rful to give the lab'ring heart to rest,
 To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,

Say,

Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
 Invek'd, thy unpropitious deity?
 Or dooms, on racks of wildest fancy torn,
 In dreams my agonizing soul to mourn?
 Why am I oft on angry billows tost,
 Now in some wide and dreary desert lost?
 Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
 Bound by fierce demons to some rapid wheel?
 Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise,
 In vain: or fall in tempests from the skies,
 Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
 Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire?
 As oft, dear youth! thy pleasing form appears;
 I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears;
 Yet waking fancy all that loss supplies,
 And still I view thee with a lover's eyes;
 Entranc'd, in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
 See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
 Hang on thy hand, or on thy breast reclin'd,
 Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
 Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
 And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine,
 Now o'er dark wilds, or rugged rocks we stray,
 Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary way;
 Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
 Where ev'ry flower of vernal beauty glows;
 But light as air each pleasing vision flew,
 Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew;
 While with the day returns the sense of woe,
 We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

Imagination {

Imagination! mistress of the soul,
 What powers unseen the active mind controul;
 And fill the waking thought, or busy sleep?
 When not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
 Nor lofty pines through all the forest move,
 Why stir the motions of resistless love?

Urg'd by the golden morn the night recedes,
 And year to year in changeful course succeeds;
 Nor night, nor morn, nor years, to me restore
 The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before;
 Involv'd in clouds one darksome scene I view;
 Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O boast of Laura's long forgotten praise!
 Past are the triumphs of my happier days,
 When plac'd supreme on beauty's radiant throne,
 I saw with conscious pride each heart my own;
 Where'er I turn'd a thousand nymphs admir'd;
 Whene'er I smil'd a thousand swains expir'd:
 I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue;
 I mov'd a goddess, and an angel sung.
 My careless steps in joys were taught to rove;
 Each voice was flatt'ry, and each look was love;
 But beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
 Fled on the wings of rapid time, is past.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
 Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail,
 While silver oars to flutes soft breathing sweep
 With measur'd strokes the scarcely heaving deep,
 But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
 And the loud surge remurmurs to the storm:

Thus

Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
 I sail'd with transport on life's summer sea ;
 The gay attendants of my happy state,
 The smiles, the graces 'round were seen to wait,
 And all the moments, as they swiftly flew,
 Show'r'd down soft joy, and pleasures ever new.
 How chang'd this fleeting image of a day !
 How sets in awful gloom the ev'ning ray !
 While, fixt on earth her eye in sad suspense,
 Pours the deep sigh, incessant penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
 Beauty, thy crowded worshippers how vain !
 Why then such crowds of incense round ascend ?
 Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend ?
 Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
 At once to win thee, and increase thy pow'r ?
 Let sad example reason's dictates aid ;
 Here see what ruin grief and love have made ;
 E'en love, who lives by beauty's smiles carest,
 Basks in her eyes, and wantons on her breast,
 With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
 And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
 Where once the dancing spirits lov'd to glow !
 No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
 Nor cheeks, soft blushing, speak a warmth divine ;
 Graceful no more amid the festive dance
 My steps with easy dignity advance,
 And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread
 O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,

Cease

Cease the neat labours of my hand to know;
Ill suits the care of elegance with woe!

Why did not Nature, when she gave to charm,
With unrelenting pride my bosom arm?
Why was my soul its tender pity taught,
Each soft affection, and each gen'rous thought?
Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I prove,
How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.

In unavailing streams my tears are shed;
Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
For thee, false youth, was ev'ry joy resign'd,
Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind;
Are these the constant vows thy tongue profess,
When first thy arms my yielding beauties press?
Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears?
Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears?
Thus swore thy lips by ocean, earth, and sky;
By hell's dread pow'rs, and heav'n's all-piercing eye?
Yawns not the grave for thee? why sleeps the storm
To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjurd form?
Unmov'd, O faithless, canst thou hear my pain,
Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied main?
Sooner the shipwreck'd pilot shall appease
With sighs the howling winds, with tears the seas,
Than Laura's pray'rs thy heart unfeeling move,
O lost to fame, to honour, and to love!
Nurst in dark caverns on some mountain wild
To cruel manhood grew the darling child,
No female breast supplied thy infant food,
But tygers growling o'er their savage brood.

Curs'd

Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
 While yet this mind was guiltless, and serene.
 With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight,
 And dar'd the horrors of tempestuous night;
 Nor fear'd, with thee, through plains unknown to rove,
 Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.

In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
 And to the grave descends his hoary head.

When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
 And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
 Fond, foolish heart! to think the tale divine!
 Why started not my hands when prest in thine?
 Too well rememb'rance paints the fatal hour
 When love, great conqueror, summon'd all his pow'r;
 When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
 And your pale lips all trembled with desire;
 Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
 From ev'ry pore distill'd the chilling dew,
 When shame presaging spoke each future pain,
 And struggling virtue arm'd my soul in vain.
 But O! let silence all my weakness veil,
 And burning blushes only tell the tale.

Ah, faithless man! and thou more wretched maid,
 To guilt, and grief, and misery betray'd!
 Far flies thy lover to some distant plain;
 Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main;
 Avenging heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
 Bid howl the black'ning storm, and thunder roar,
 Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
 Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole;

Then

Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
 Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn,
 But mourn in vain: his vig'rous arm shall fail,
 Guilt sink him down, and angry heaven prevail;
 No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
 But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.

Yet, ah! fond heart! avert, kind heav'n, the stroke,
 My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.
 The varying accents real nature prove,
 And only shew how wild a thing is love.
 Go, much lov'd youth, with ev'ry blessing crown'd,
 And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round.
 Me to the silent shades and sad retreat,
 Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
 Death woos all-powerful: ere he parts the clew,
 Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu:
 Bids health and affluence every bliss afford;
 Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd;
 In ease, in mirth glide each glad hour away:
 No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;
 Nor sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me:
 O grant heav'n all; but grant thee constancy.

Yet from my hand this last address receive,
 This last address is all that hand can give.
 In vain thy bark with spreading canvas flies,
 If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,
 And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
 The winds and waters waft the voice of love;
 That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
 Asks but one tear from thee; and asks no more.

Then

Then, world, farewell; farewell life's fond desires,
 False flatt'ring hopes, and love's tormenting fires.
 Already, death, before my closing eyes
 Thy airy forms and glimm'ring shades arise.
 Hark! hear I not for me yon' passing bell
 Toll forth, with frequent pause, its sullen knell?
 Waits not for me yon' sexton on his spade,
 Blythe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made?
 Say, why in lengthen'd pomp yon' sable train,
 With measur'd steps, slow stalk along the plain?
 Say, why yon' hearse with fading flow'rs is crown'd,
 And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound?
 Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,
 Secure to you, my weary limbs I trust.
 Dim burns life's lamp; O Death! thy work complete,
 And give my soul to gain her last retreat.
 Such as before the birth of nature sway'd,
 Ere springing light the first great word obey'd,
 Let silence reign—come, fate, exert thy might;
 And darkness wrap me in eternal night!



THE SEASONS.
IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, Esq.

SPRING.

Annuus agricolis ordo breviorque laborum
Summa mihi tradenda. Prædium Rusticum.

ERE yet I sing the round-revolving year,
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
At * Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear;
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.
Ah! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes;
Receive his wreath, albe the tribute's vain,
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies.

It is the cuckoo that announceth spring,
And with his † wreakful tale the spouse doth fray;
Mean while the finches harmless ditties sing,
And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,
Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.
The little wantons that draw Venus' team
Chirp am'rous thro' the grove in heavies gay;
And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,
Now sail'd on Thamisi's tide, the glory of the stream!

* The late Mr. Thomson.

U

† Revengeful.

Proud

Proud as the Turkish soldan, chaunticleer
 Sees, with delight, his numerous race around ;
 He grants fresh favours to each female near ;
 For love as well as cherifaunce renown'd.
 The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,
 Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold ;
 While Juno's * dearling, with majestic bound,
 To charm his † leman doth his train unfold,
 That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning gold.

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
 The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,
 An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,
 And the meek violet, in amis blue,
 Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view :
 But the rank nettle rears her crest on high ;
 So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,
 While modest merit doth neglected lie,
 And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.
 See ! all around the gall-lefs ‡ culvers bill,
 Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays
 Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,
 The which in various|| gyres the meadow § bays.
 Behold ! the welkin bursts into a blaze !
 Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,
 In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays,
 And, as they †† wend to Thetis' cooling bow'rs,
 They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens with
 flowers.

* Darling. † Lover. ‡ Doves. || Circles, or windings.
 § Bathes. †† Go.

And now the human bosom melts to love ;
 The raptur'd bard awakes his skilful lyre ;
 By running streams, or in the laurel grove,
 He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire :
 All, all is harmony, and all desire.

The happy numbers charm the blooming maid,
 Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,
 She now consents, then shuns th' embow'ring shade,
 With faint reluctance yields ; desirous, yet afraid.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,
 (Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and swain)
 By various songs would various ends promote.
 Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain !
 He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain !
 And if, to honour Britain he be led,
 He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,
 Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
 Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess wed.

But hark ! the bag-pipe summons to the green,
 The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport ;
 The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
 Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort :
 The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
 Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,
 Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
 Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.
 Yet, ah ! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.



S U M M E R.

Beneath yon * snubby oak's extended shade
 Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
 Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,
 As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way:
 The sultry lion rages for his prey.
 Ah, Phoebus! quench thy wild destroying fire,
 Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray,
 Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire:
 The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
 Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,
 There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
 Improve my reason, and amend my mind;
 Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.
 An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground;
 A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,
 Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
 And soothe to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.

The playful insect hopping in the grass
 Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill;
 The pool-sprung gnat on founding wing doth pass,
 And on the † ramping steed doth suck his fill;
 Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!

* Knotty.

† Starting, flying-out.

The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,
 Her body steep within the neighbouring rill ;
 And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
 Their mothers hang their head, in doleful plight I weet.

* Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains
 Along the meadow spread the tawny hay ;
 The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,
 Ne fear to show their faces to the ray ;
 But all the honest badge of toil display.
 See how they mould the Haycock's rising head ;
 While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
 Down throweth Sufan, who doth shriek for dread.
 Fear not—thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
 And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light ;
 In flaming gold the ruddy welkin glows,
 And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth † quite,
 For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.
 Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
 And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light ;
 The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
 And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-ey'd
 love.

Menalcas came to take the evening gale,
 His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth ;
 He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
 They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
 Yet their belief did work them muchel † ruth.

* Careless.

† Requite.

† Sorrow.

His oaths were light as gossamer, or air,
 His tongue was poisonous as aspic's tooth.
 Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:
 'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the fair.
 The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
 Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,
 Marian whom many housewife arts adorn,
 Right well she knew the apple to surround
 With dulcet crust, and Thomalin renown'd
 For * atchievements in the wrestling ring;
 He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
 But prone to earth the hardiest wight would fling;
 Such was Alcides erst, if poets † sooth do sing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,
 The mild inhabitants in crouds appear
 To tread a measure; while night's regent pale
 Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,
 Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops clear,
 The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.
 Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
 And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
 Thrice happy he who loves, and is belov'd again.



A U T U M N.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
 In wholesome † lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,
 A leafy girlond binds her temples theen,

* Hardy, valiant.

† Truth.

‡ Vigor.

Instubbed

In stubbed richly with the spiky ear
 Her right hand bears a vine incircled spear,
 Such as the crew did wield from Bacchus' lad,
 When to the Ganges he his course did steer ;
 And in her left a bugle-horn she had,
 On which she * oft did blow, and made the heart right glad.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
 The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil † ensue ;
 Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
 And there the cries of " harvest home" renew,
 The honest farmer does his friends ‡ salute ;
 And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
 Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew ;
 They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
 Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

On every hill the purple blushing vine
 Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide :
 || Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,
 Yet are we not potations bland denied ;
 See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide,
 Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain ;
 The apple too will grant a generous tide,
 To sing whose honours Thenot rais'd his strain,
 Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening plain.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,
 And to his sport the wary fowler hies ;
 Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns ;
 Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
 To find where, with his race, the partridge lies ;

* Often, † Follow. ‡ Salute. || Although.

Ah! luckless fire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprize;
More * uncles wait to cause thee dolorous † teen,
Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the green.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
Ah! borrow the light pennons of the air,
If you're ‡ arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.
Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
For our good squire doth much against you rail,
And faith you often magic arts do try;
At times you wave Grimalkin's sooty tail,
Or on a beesom vild you thro' the welkin sail.

The stag is rous'd; he stems the threatening flood
That shall ere long his matchless swiftness quell;
And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
Amongst his well-known || pheers attempt to § mell:
With horn and hoof his purpose they repell.
Thus, should a maid from virtue's lore ystray,
Your sex, my Daphne, show their vengeance fell;
Your cruel selves with gall the shaft * embay,
And lash from pardon's shrine the penitent away.

Now silence charms the sages of the gown,
To purer air doth speed each crafty wight;
The well-squeez'd client quits the dusty town,
Grown grey in the asserting of his right,

* Dædalus envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics,
threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed
into a partridge.

† Anguish, pain.
tions.

§ Mix.

‡ Reach'd, overtaken.

* Bathe.

|| Com-

With

With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
 Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
 And views each rural object with delight.
 Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to see;
 Who trusts to lawyer's tongue doth much * misween, perdy.
 Right blest'd the man who free from bitter † bale,
 Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
 No loud contention doth his ears assail,
 Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell;
 The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
 To please his eyne are variously array'd;
 And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
 He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
 By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.



W I N T E R.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
 And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
 Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
 For winter hoar her icy chain has flang,
 And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.
 The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
 Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung;
 The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
 Like † Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

The ‖ wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,
 No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,

* Judges ill. † Sorrow. ‡ Hermits. ‖ Stupefied.
 As

